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NOTES OF THE WEEK

IT is very doubtful whether there is any truth in the newspaper reports that France is likely to follow the British example and to break with Moscow, although Sir Austen Chamberlain must assuredly have urged M. Briand to co-operate with him. On the contrary, M. Chicherin has had long conversations with M. Poincaré and M. Briand, and in order to keep France neutral he is likely to make concessions in the matter of the French debt which will fill Russia's creditors in this country with envy. France has already her Ambassador in Moscow, and once the debt question is cleared out of the way, M. Poincaré will not be disposed to do anything to arouse the enmity of the Soviets, unless, by so doing, he can obtain far greater concessions from Great Britain in other fields than the British public is ever likely to accord.

The Labour Party find themselves in a dilemma over the Russian business. They are anxious not to identify themselves with Com-

munism, which would harm them in the constituencies; but, as "First Citizen" points out in 'The Comedy of Westminster' on another page of this issue, they have not the tactical sense to see that it is fatal to attempt to whitewash the misdeeds of Moscow and that their proper course of action was to base their opposition to the Government's action not on the "wrong" it inflicts on Russia but on the possible wrong it inflicts on Britain. Their plea in the debate on Thursday for a Committee of Inquiry into the Arcos allegations was the fiasco it was bound to be. The intrigues of Moscow need no further substantiation.

The Trade Unions Bill has made good progress, on the lines expected by those who were aware of the willingness of the Government to consider every amendment not fatal to the central principles of the measure. The quibbling over all the possible but improbable misinterpretations of certain clauses, notably the clause relating to picketing, has been tiresome to the last degree, and there and in other portions of the discussion to which the Bill has been subjected in the House of Commons it has been evident

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that a large section of the Labour Party has neither the grace to admit the necessity of the measure nor the courage to proclaim the doctrine that all things conducive to success in a strike should be made lawful. The attitude of the Party is not the attitude of the great mass of workers, whether Conservative, Liberal or Socialist in political creed. Nothing more to the point has been contributed to the debate on intimidation than the brief speech of Sir John Simon on Monday and Mr. Hurst's remark on Tuesday that the right to personal liberty is more sacred than the right to picket.

The single-handed flight of the American airman, Captain Lindbergh, from New York to Paris is the kind of achievement that stirs the imagination of the world. It was an enterprise in the manner of the pioneers and deserves all the admiration it has received. It would be a mistake, however, were we to allow our admiration for the courage and resource of this young airman to blind us to the fact that what he did has little more than a spectacular value. Captain Lindbergh flew in a land machine, without wireless and without help in emergency. His success depended solely on his own endurance and on that of his engine; had either failed, or had adverse weather befallen him, he could have had virtually no chance of survival. He magnificently brought off the gamble, and in the consequent enthusiasm it has been largely forgotten that within the last few months no fewer than eight lives have been lost in unsuccessful attempts to cross the oceans of the north and south Atlantic. These attempts were no less well equipped than his. The moral is clear. Captain Lindbergh, in admiration of whose personal triumph we will yield to none, is a very lucky as well as a very plucky young man.

Last week we scoffed at the suggestions of the French Press to the effect that as a result of President Doumergue's visit the Entente Cordiale was in future to replace the Treaties of Locarno. (We wrote too hastily, for it appears that, despite all that the Foreign Secretary has said about the Locarno spirit, he is returning more and more to his original belief that Great Britain and France must co-operate to the exclusion of others. Almost one begins to believe that he regrets his brief intervention in favour of international friendship, and one remembers a fact that is generally forgotten, namely, that the idea of the Locarno Conference came, not from Sir Austen Chamberlain, but from Herr Stresemann, tactfully prompted by Lord D'Abernon. It is no exaggeration to say that at the present moment Germany finds her claims to the benefits foreshadowed at Locarno greeted at least as coldly in London as in Paris.

The German Government is on the point of informing the former Allied Powers that the destruction of the concrete shelters adjoining Königsberg and other Eastern fortresses has now been completed. This was supposed to be the one remaining obstacle to the transfer of the control of Ger-

man Armaments to the League of Nations, but, unfortunately, destruction alone does not suffice. France would like the Allied Military Attachés to confirm the German statement, whereas Germany flatly, and perhaps foolishly, refuses to have foreign officers pottering about, as though her word were disbelieved. Quarrels over questions of prestige being vastly more violent than quarrels over questions that really matter, there is quite a danger that this ridiculous dispute will considerably increase the bitterness between Paris and Berlin. This bitterness will not be diminished by the latest French proposal for the Rhineland, which is that the number of divisions should be reduced from six to four, but that these four should be brought up to full war strength, so that there would be just as many soldiers on German territory as ever. A compromise of that nature will not suffice to keep Herr Stresemann in office.

After the occupation of the Ruhr M. Poincaré came to grief because he tried to conduct the business of home and foreign affairs more as a dictator than as a President of the Council. Now he is in danger because he is leaving his colleagues in the Cabinet to make or mar their jobs without the benefit of his advice. Even in foreign affairs, it is the Press and not M. Poincaré himself that checks M. Briand's policy of conciliation towards Germany. Parties of the left, which have not distinguished themselves by their patriotism since the war, have now forgotten the financial panic which compelled them to support the Government of "National Union," and on two or three occasions since Parliament assembled they have come perilously near overthrowing the Ministry. The anti-communist campaign has met with scant success, the amazing Protectionist proposals have aroused such hostility that their discussion has had to be postponed, and talk of electoral reform has offended many of M. Poincaré's warmest admirers. The franc is not yet definitely saved.

In most European questions it is difficult to be sufficiently detached; in the case of the South African flag question one is too remote to understand the bitterness the dispute has engendered. Undoubtedly, General Hertzog would have been wiser if he had resisted pressure and had postponed discussion until the good effects of last year's Imperial Conference had been more fully appreciated in his own country. As it is now, patriotic sentiment and party politics have so confused the issues that the Government is being driven, against its will, along a road which leads to something very like disruption. Everybody in this country will appreciate the devotion of the British element to the Union Jack, but we can also realize that to the Dutchman our national flag is a constant reminder of the Boer War. It would have been impressive had South Africa followed the example of other Dominions by including the Union Jack in its national flag, but a gesture of conciliation such as the acceptance by British South Africans of a design including the Royal Standard instead of the Union Jack would be more impressive still.

Among the many celebrations of Empire Day last Tuesday none was of greater significance than the meeting held at Guildhall to consider "the call to the Church of England from our own people overseas." The gathering was called by the Bishop of Salisbury, and was addressed by, among others, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Amery, and the Governor of Kenya, Sir Edward Grigg. The future of the Empire depends more than anything else on the moral force of its people. The Church has a great part to play. In appealing for 250 immediate recruits, an additional income of £50,000 a year, and a capital of a quarter-of-a-million to enable the necessary work to be carried out, Mr. Amery rightly claimed that in a Church which represents a world-wide Empire those who joined its ranks should consider themselves enlisted for general service.

A pioneer Empire cannot afford to have a stay-at-home Church. To-day civilization has more ways than ever before of impressing its influences, good or bad, on backward peoples and on Europeans who have made their homes among them; and there is force in the appeal that religion should reach them at least as soon as the cinema and the dance-hall. In the words of Mr. Baldwin in his Empire Day message, the British Commonwealth is "a spiritual inheritance which we hold in trust, not only for its members, but for all the nations that surround it." By what we make of that inheritance history will estimate our fitness for the task destiny has placed in our hands.

We are utterly at a loss to understand why, in face of the grave menace of small-pox, the officials working under the Ministry of Health should obstruct vaccination by refusal to supply Government lymph to private practitioners. A large proportion of people are unwilling to be vaccinated with other than the standard lymph, and indisposed to be dealt with by anyone except the doctor they have habitually consulted. Finding that they cannot secure Government lymph, they either wholly abandon the idea of being vaccinated or indulge in dangerous postponements. The risk of an epidemic (and in view of the virulent form the disease has taken in Hendon and elsewhere, the prospect is alarming), is greatly increased by the petty stupidity of this official obstruction. If there is anything the Ministry of Health exists for, it is to protect public health. On what ground can it possibly defend action which deters thousands of people from an essential precaution against small-pox? It cannot be ignorant of the fact that one of the most plausible arguments of anti-vaccinationists is based on the impurity of lymph, and that a ready supply of Government lymph would do more than anything else to increase the number of persons undergoing vaccination. Apparently, however, there are officials who would rather thwart private practitioners to show their own importance than safeguard the health of the nation.

The League of Nations International Economic Conference has come to an end, and at least two of its recommendations should bring considerable advantage to this country. It has suggested that Ministers in charge of the commercial policy of

different countries should meet to discuss co-operation just as Foreign Ministers already do. Another resolution urges, in surprisingly strong terms considering the number of interests involved, the lowering of customs barriers. The League of Nations Transit Organization has long endeavoured to facilitate trade by abolishing technical obstacles to the free passage of goods across frontiers, but only Governments themselves can remove the political obstacles of tariffs established to protect industries which cannot exist in peace time except at the expense of the luckless consumer. It is too often forgotten that the United States, of whose business efficiency we hear so much, has Europe at a disadvantage by being the greatest producer of almost all the more important raw materials, and therefore Europe can only compete with America if everything is done to encourage international economic co-operation.

The vilest blackmailing case tried for many years has concluded by the Lord Chief Justice imposing a sentence of penal servitude for life on the principal criminal and sentences of from eight to fifteen years on his accomplices. The just severity of these punishments, it might be hoped, would act as a deterrent on blackmailers, but there is in the blackmailer's mind always the expectation that his victim will be afraid of the publicity involved in a prosecution. Let dread of publicity be removed by such judicial and Press reticence as was observed in this case and another of recent date, and this abominably cowardly crime will diminish. What has to be considered, in short, is not so much what punishment will deter the criminal as what will encourage the victim to go to the police, who are both extremely zealous in dealing with blackmail and fully alive to the importance of shielding the prosecutor from publicity. The manner in which the courts and the chief police officers engaged in recent cases have handled them ought to reassure the most timid.

The sale of the Adelphi affords an opportunity of which we earnestly hope that some wealthy and public-spirited man will take advantage. To purchase the freeholds now coming into the market and to create a trust, whereby the future "development" of the Adelphi would be subject to a veto by some disinterested body, preferably that which already safeguards ancient buildings, would be rendering a great service to London. We do not expect Quixotic action on the part of our hypothetical magnate. We submit for his consideration that he could easily get a good return on his money without either destroying the Adelphi or leaving its future to chance, and that by such a course of action as we suggest he would secure for himself not only the immediate gratitude of all lovers of London but a permanent place in the memory of his countrymen. There is nothing impractical in the suggestion. *The Times* is, among other things, "a business proposition," yet, thanks to the patriotism of its present chief proprietors, its future is guaranteed by a scheme which imposes a veto on the sale of the controlling interest to persons disapproved of by certain trustees. Let some man in big business come forward and do as much for perhaps the most charming area of our city.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CRISIS

SINCE last we went to press the Government of Great Britain have taken a momentous step in foreign policy. They have broken off all relations with one of the Great Powers. In pre-war days the severance of diplomatic relations was the formal prelude to a declaration of war. On this occasion no armies will meet, but the implications of the act of severance are in other respects the same. No one can doubt that the Government have every justification for the action they have taken. The tale that the Prime Minister had to tell in his statement in the House of Commons on Tuesday, announcing the termination of the Trade Agreement and of diplomatic relations, was extremely formidable, and proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the Soviet Government have been using the privileges granted them under the Trade Agreement for the purpose of plotting against the country and the Empire. Mr. Baldwin spoke no more than the truth when he said that, in the face of continued breaches of the laws of international comity, "His Majesty's Government have shown a patience and forbearance which are probably without parallel in international relations." The Russians have only themselves to blame for the retribution with which their subversive activities have at last been met. They are entitled to no consideration, and the best that can come out of the rupture is that the Russian Government may learn therefrom the folly and futility of playing a double game, of attempting to maintain normal relations with a country against which they are engaged in carrying on intrigue and propaganda.

But when everything has been said that can be said against the behaviour of the Russians towards Great Britain, it remains extremely doubtful whether the Government's action is a wise one. The only consideration of consequence is whether any benefit, and if so what, this country is likely to derive from the rupture. What do the Government hope to gain? That still remains obscure. Mr. Baldwin's announcement contained more than ample justification for a rupture; no sensible person will deny that. That, however, is not the same thing as proof that a rupture was expedient: it is not always wise to return the strictly logical answer to provocation. There is shattering proof of intrigue, but, after all, the fact of intrigue has long been common knowledge. The raid on Arcos produced no new facts, but only produced new evidence in support of facts already thoroughly substantiated. Why, then, have the Government thought it proper to take the drastic action which they have? What sweeping change has come over the international situation to justify, to make imperative, now, a step which a year ago the spokesmen of the same Government regarded as highly dangerous? For example, Sir Austen Chamberlain, speaking in the House of Commons on June 25 of last year, said:

All Europe is perplexed and harassed by economic and social problems. It is subject to political uncertainties and a sense of political insecurity, which react upon economic conditions in a disadvantageous manner. And it must be the object of statesmanship in all countries to alleviate and, if possible, to remove these difficulties. If we broke off diplomatic relations with Russia we should not only introduce a new and disturbing issue into British domestic policy, but we should introduce a new and disturbing issue in Europe.

Lord Balfour, speaking on the same subject in the House of Lords on June 17, 1926, said that it would be "the height of rashness, except for really serious gain, to introduce a new disturbance where disturbance was sufficiently great already." Are these arguments no longer valid? What is the "really serious gain" which has induced the Government to regard as a wise step to-day what a year ago was considered "the height of rashness"?

It surely will not be seriously advanced that the domestic affairs of this country are in vital danger from Bolshevik intrigue. A Conservative Government must have a firmer faith in the strength and good sense of Great Britain and the Empire than to believe that its future is jeopardized by the active presence in our midst of a handful of Russian agents. Even the Berlin *Germania*, which no one will accuse of undue partiality to Great Britain, comments thus on the Prime Minister's statement: "Russian propaganda seems more foolish than dangerous to us. We have too high an opinion of the British Empire to believe that it could be undermined by the childish intrigues of outsiders." Moreover, the break has come at the moment when the situation of Russia *vis-à-vis* the world seemed to be improving. In China her machinations have been defeated and her influence has definitely failed; at the Economic Conference at Geneva the presence of the Russian Delegates and their co-operation with the Powers was at least a sign that Russia is facing economic facts. Economic intercourse is the channel through which normal political intercourse must evolve. Russia cannot co-operate financially in the world's affairs without eventually assuming a normal political place among the nations. Everything that tends to foster normal intercourse strengthens the moderates in Moscow and weakens the power of that abortion, the Third International. Now, however, the extremists have been handed a new weapon. They may be relied upon to ply it with energy. If intrigue was carried on against Great Britain while diplomatic and trade relations were in existence, it will be redoubled now that those relations are broken off. The opportunities for work against the Empire will be in no wise diminished. Nor shall we have any means of redress. To take but one example, on the Afghan frontier, where serious trouble is anticipated, Moscow will have every opportunity to employ her talent for mischief-making to the top of her capacity.

What is likely to be the effect of the rupture on our trade? Neither Britain nor Russia desires to hinder trade between the two countries, and that is why Mr. Baldwin made the somewhat surprising concession allowing Arcos to continue its activities in London. Arcos, however, is to be wound up; without the security of a Trade Agreement it evidently considers its position would become untenable. Trade between the two countries will not necessarily stop because of the severance of relations. Trade is not a matter of sentiment: one does not go to a particular department store to buy a commodity because one likes the proprietor, but because one likes his goods; and similarly, Russia does not trade with us because she likes us, but because she likes

what we have to sell her. But the change is bound to be felt. As the Chief Russian Delegate at the Geneva Conference, commenting on the break, said: "There are two chief workshops to buy from—America and England. If the owners of one workshop have peculiar views, we can only go to the other." (We know who has the peculiar views, but that is not the point). The events of this week are bound to find reflection in the withdrawal of orders from British firms.

When all these considerations have been taken into account the Government's decision becomes difficult to applaud. If they gave solemn regard to them all before sanctioning the police raid, they must have had stronger reasons than any that have yet been put before the public for deciding on a course of action which a year ago they considered mistaken. What seems more probable is that the raid was rashly undertaken, and that the Government have felt compelled to cover the first blunder by committing a second. By so doing they have saved the Home Secretary and pleased the *Daily Mail*, but it is hard to see what other benefits can result from their action. It may prove to be a heavy price to pay for making the world safe for Jix.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE

THE British Dominions, which we used to call colonies, have now become great states, among whom Great Britain is only first among equals. So striking has this development been that the average man is sometimes in danger of forgetting that we have still a great Colonial Empire in the strict sense. There are some thirty-two different colonial administrations scattered over the world at various stages of political development, and most of them enjoying some degree of representative government. But all of them, even the highest, are still below Dominion status, and in the last resort the responsibility for their well-being rests directly with ourselves. Only very occasionally, and then on some side issue, rarely of first-rate importance, does Imperial Parliament interest itself in their problems. For good or evil they are in fact governed from Downing Street, through men who have made colonial pro-consulships their career, with such assistance as they can get from local legislative or advisory councils. On the whole, this system of government has worked well, but obviously it has its dangers. One is that it tends to fall into the ruts of routine administration, and that the spirit of enterprise, never lacking when men are making not only a home and a competence but a state for themselves, becomes trammelled in officialdom. Another danger is that the governing unit tends to be too small and becomes too provincial in its outlook. The relation between the Crown Colonies and Great Britain is close, but there is between the colonies no sense of a common unity, no pooling of experience, and in the variety of types of political government the common ideal is often forgotten. It is to explore the problems that are common to our Crown Colonies and Dependencies that a Colonial Conference has been sitting during the last few weeks.

The problems are many and diverse. In part they are political. We want to arrive at a common

body of principles for the discharge of our trusteeship for native races. It is desirable, again, as far as may be without cramping individual development, to assimilate procedure in the various Legislative Assemblies, and it was very notable that discussion should have favoured the greater use of ceremonial in the opening of these Assemblies. It was suggested, for example, that a regal emblem, such as the mace, should be granted; that the taking of the oath of allegiance should be the first official act of every member of a legislature; and it was thought that in some cases the Assembly should be given power to elect a Speaker of its own to take the place of the Governor. Among other matters discussed was the censorship of films. It was felt that the effects of much good and conscientious work might easily be lost if films were shown to natives which exhibited the white man in an odious light, or obscured the quality of our country's contribution to the history of the world. On all these questions of mixed morals and politics it was felt that we ought to have a consistent policy in face of the native races in all our Crown Colonies.

But the survey of the Conference covered a much wider range of subjects than this. A great deal of the work of administration in our tropical dependencies is in medicine. The political future of the Crown Colonies depends upon their being made healthy enough for white men to live in them permanently, and though much has been done in tropical medicine much still remains to be done, and the knowledge acquired by research in one part should instantly be made available for use in all parts of the Empire. There is, further, the great problem of transport. One of the most interesting speeches at the Conference was that of Sir Samuel Hoare on the development of the air services. He stressed the importance of Singapore as an air junction between Europe, India, and Australia, and urged the importance of meteorology in the development of Imperial communications; he looks to the aeroplane to annihilate distance, which is one of the enemies to a far-flung Empire like our own.

The great difficulty in all Colonial problems is the mass of detail by which these conferences overwhelm us. Any attempt to give an idea of the work done is in immediate danger of degenerating into a catalogue. Fortunately, the members of the Conference were themselves all administrators and civil servants, with an expert and first-hand acquaintance with the subjects discussed, and that explains why so many and such varied subjects could be handled successfully in so short a time. Mr. Amery, who conceived the idea of these conferences, and presided over their meetings, is to be congratulated on the success that has attended the first of them. They are now to be held triennially, and have become a recognized part of the machinery of Imperial administration. They are a rudimentary Federation of our Colonial Empire for purposes common to them all. No longer will a distant colony go on with its work alone without contact with other colonies engaged in the same problems of Imperial unity. Their heads will meet periodically and pool their experience to the great advantage of all.

Shall we be able to associate the great self-governing Dominions in the working development of our Colonial Empire? It has often been ob-

served that while all have an attachment to England, they have not the same attachment to each other, nor have they any current interest in the problems of Imperial development such as have been engaging the Colonial Conference in the last few weeks. The Dominions have gone far beyond the idea of mere local defence; they have poured out their blood as freely as England herself in the defence of the Imperial idea. It still remains for them to take some share in the administrative problems of the Colonial Empire. Is there any reason in the nature of things why the non-native garrison of India and the Imperial stations should be British only? We should like to see at least a symbol of Imperial unity in the presence of Dominion troops in the regular garrisons of India and the Imperial dependencies. And we should like more Canadians, Australians, and South Africans in Downing Street, interesting themselves in Imperial administration and contributing their best to our pro-consular service.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

LITTLE has taken place at Westminster since last this report was written, but great events have happened at Whitehall. The severance of diplomatic relations with one of the six other Great Powers in the world is a political occurrence of far greater importance than the introduction of a Trade Disputes Bill. Whether the full importance of that decision is fully realized either by those who took it or by those who oppose it remains to be seen. One thing is abundantly clear. The Russian Government have foolishly, recklessly and persistently given overwhelming cause for the action which the British Government have taken after long delay and with obvious reluctance.

The Labour Party, with that tactical clumsiness and that inability to realize the value of large issues which characterize all their actions, will probably waste time and opportunity in attempting to deny what is already plain to the unprejudiced. They will not admit that the Russians have promoted plots to revolutionize this country, and that they have grossly abused their diplomatic privileges in order to further their subversive schemes. While these plain facts are being demonstrated there is danger that attention may be diverted from the graver questions. Unpardonable as the conduct of Russia and her representatives has been, is it wise, is it in the best interests of Great Britain, to break off diplomatic relations at this time? What material or moral benefit do we stand to gain by it? When the Home Secretary authorized the raid on Arcos did he and the Government realize that the inevitable result was the denunciation of the Trade Agreement? Was the raid on Arcos the logical corollary of a Cabinet decision to break off relations, or was the breach of relations an unforeseen sequence to an insufficiently considered step taken at the instigation of police authorities? These are questions that are worth discussing, but are not likely to be discussed.

Meanwhile the Trade Disputes Bill continues to fill our days and nights. The first three clauses have passed the Committee Stage and, thanks to amendments put down and pressed by Conservative members, have been materially improved. The

Opposition having abdicated their appointed task of criticism and amendment in order to devote themselves to impotent obstruction and vain efforts to destroy, a section of the Government's supporters have stepped into the breach and very adequately fulfilled the important constructive functions of committee.

The member to whom the greatest credit for this praiseworthy performance is due, the only member in fact who has so far gained any reputation since the introduction of the Bill, is Captain Terence O'Connor, a comparatively youthful representative of the legal profession who was elected as a Conservative in 1924 for the old Liberal stronghold of Luton. Rumour states that a reconnaissance of the situation at Luton was lately made on behalf of the most prominent Liberal Leader who is at present without a seat in Parliament. Joshua and Caleb, if such happened to be the names of the emissaries, are said to have returned to their master in the wilderness with most unsatisfactory reports. The power of the Philistines was great in the land, the name of O'Connor was one to conjure with, and the Council of the Elders decided to seek elsewhere a suitable avenue for the return of the lost prophet.

Two events on Tuesday afternoon broke the accustomed monotony of the proceedings. The first was when Mr. Wheatley demanded a count of the House. What was in the mind of one who is reputed to be the brains of the Left Wing remains a mystery. The result was that he succeeded in demonstrating that so entirely have the Opposition lost interest in the Bill which they had threatened to fight so fiercely, that in the middle of the afternoon there was not a score of them present to fight it at all. What, we may ask, has become of those solemn oaths to give up smoking and drinking and taking sugar in their tea, when they have not even the interest or the energy left to come down to the House of Commons and vote against the measure?

The other incident was the return of the Leader of the Opposition, who strolled in casually a little before dinner and listened to the debate for a few minutes. His supporters had been warned and their benches filled up before his arrival. They rose and cheered when he took his seat. The Home Secretary, who was the only Cabinet Minister present, walked across to shake hands with him, a gesture which the Opposition appreciated, and Mr. Grotrian, a Conservative member, who happened to be speaking, expressed the satisfaction that his Party no less than their opponents felt at seeing the Right Honourable Gentleman restored to health. It was a pleasant incident, which pleased everybody, which was natural to the House of Commons and characteristic of England, but which foreigners would find difficult to understand.

What was the impression which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald received when he was once more in a position to gauge the atmosphere of the House of Commons? He must surely have noted with surprise the lack of that violent animosity, that bitter note of class warfare, that outraged indignation and deep resentment which he had prophesied and been led to expect as the inevitable accompaniments of these debates. Instead of this he found the House in a better humour than when he left it, which must have been very discouraging for a convalescent Leader of Opposition.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE RAMPAGEOUS FRANC

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

Paris, May 24

TEN months ago the franc was at its lowest; eight months ago there were hopes of stabilizing it; shortly after, stabilization *de facto* seemed to have been attained; since then there has been the inevitable struggle between the champions of stabilization and the champions of revalorization. The former are, of course, industrialists, who point out not only the usual commercial difficulties arising from monetary fluctuations, but the danger of unemployment, which loomed ominous at the beginning of last winter and might reappear any minute. The latter, no less naturally, are national bond holders who have never been able to realize that, from 1916, they bought their certificates with depreciated money, and in consequence they are acting in good faith when they demand 100 centimes for the franc they have loaned to the State.

The chances of revalorization seemed pretty thin, as compared with the probability of stabilization of the franc at 124 to the £, till a few weeks ago. Early in March confidence in Poincaré became so absolute that several billion francs were repatriated from abroad in less than two weeks, while international securities—a type of which is the Suez Canal share—were speedily exchanged for French paper.

Moreover, it appeared that the French were not alone in being optimistic concerning the future of the franc. Readers of the foreign Press could not but notice that even anti-French newspapers occasionally spoke of foreign loans as being virtually forced upon France in the same angry tone used in speaking of the French debts. Recently a cartoon published, I think, by the *New York Literary Digest*, was reproduced in the French Press and acted in an illuminating manner. It showed an American capitalist sitting at the door of a French counting-house with his lap full of investment-craving dollars. In fact, anybody who has American friends in Paris sees them studying French balance-sheets with evident visions of fat melons filling their imaginations. Secretary Winston no doubt voiced the sentiments of the United States when he said last autumn, in a speech at Kansas City, that his country was more than willing to help Europe with loans bringing in a high percentage. This is not all. It is common knowledge that speculation abroad pushes the franc vigorously, nowhere more so than in Berlin and Amsterdam.

The conclusion must be that the ascent of the franc is the wish, not only of millions of Frenchmen, but of powerful syndicates in foreign countries as well, and in time can no more be prevented than that of a balloon under high pressure.

Yet stabilization at 124 francs to the £ is still a fact, but we now know how it is maintained, and the knowledge is more disturbing than encouraging. The fact is that the franc has been kept down for several months by the Banque de France at the cost of great effort. At first the Bank only bought back foreign devises which were necessary to its own operations, and nothing could be better; then it bought foreign credits which might be useful in an emergency, and this too was wisdom itself. During the past fortnight articles in the *Temps* and the *Action Française*, widely commented upon in the rest of the Press, have informed the public of a startling peculiarity. Whereas people imagined that inflation had completely ceased since an average billion was weekly reimbursed by the French Treasury to the Banque de France, it turned out that another billion worth of bills had weekly to be struck off in order to meet the foreign demand for francs and at the same time keep the franc down to its present value. How long could

this last? Was it not inevitable that the Bank could not go on with such a paradoxical action and some day the franc must be left to itself with the renewed danger of its gaining several points in a few days as it used to lose them less than a year ago?

This is the problem now set clearly and with definite practical consequences to their pockets in the minds of the majority of Frenchmen. The first impulse was to buy francs and again more francs, for the accompanying reasoning was: the franc cannot lose, nay, it is in great danger of gaining, therefore it is advisable to run with it. The consideration of what has happened to the lira, quoted higher than the franc and yet undoubtedly inferior in real value, was an additional incentive. Since the Berlin *krach* the pressure of the German bulls on the franc has diminished, and besides, the Banque de France has notified stockbrokers that it would not buy foreign monies beyond real necessities any more. But if so, how can the franc be kept down? Many answers have been given by Sunday specialists, but I have not seen one that did not belong to pure financial metaphysics, and I suppose the reader shares my own mistrust for that algebra or abracadabra.

THE FOUNTAIN OF JUSTICE

BY A SOLICITOR

[The author of this article is a Solicitor, a Conservative, who practises in an industrial area where, in his own words, he acts "for many more 'capitalists' than workmen." The matter to which he draws attention is important; he gives it as his experience that "no one thing causes anything like the bitter discontent that the magistrates' courts do."—ED. S.R.]

SOME years ago a fellow-solicitor said to me: "I am a Conservative myself, but after forty years' experience in the Police Courts I am astounded at the existence of a Conservative working man."

There can hardly be a greater danger to the State than when there is a general lack of confidence in the administration of justice, and no impartial man can deny that such a lack of confidence exists. The worst of it is that suspicion is well founded. Many years ago the vast majority of magistrates belonged to one party, the Conservative. But they did not belong to one social or economic class. Country squires, manufacturers, retired colonels, doctors and other professional men more or less cancelled each other out so far as class prejudices were concerned, and only an occasional poacher in the country districts received obviously unfair treatment. The agitation on the part of the Liberal associations for the appointment of a number of Liberal magistrates was founded more on a desire for a larger share in the "honours" than in any distrust of the Conservative magistrates.

At the present time classes are divided economically rather than socially or politically and almost all magistrates belong to one class. Many of them, Press fed, make the mistake of supposing that their class includes the whole country. On this assumption they make comments on such subjects as "the dole" and strikes which cause bitter resentment among the employed classes, a resentment the more bitter in that it is inarticulate. Many of these comments are irrelevant to the cases before them, and are more irritating on that account. During the recent coal strike it was very usual for magistrates who had miners before them on any sort of charge to advise the men to return to work.

I have myself defended in several cases arising out of the strike, and have been shocked at the difference between the attitude of benches which included a Labour magistrate and those which did not. In one strike case I was opening the defence

when the Chairman, a member of a very well-known County family, interjected: "You're not suggesting that the police evidence is untrue, are you? You'll find that won't go down in *this Court*!" In the interests of my client I merely said that I assumed the Court would be guided by the evidence. (I may parenthetically remark that my assumption proved ill-founded.) This is a mild instance of what the defence frequently has to contend with. In strike cases, however, the defendant usually has a union behind him. He is at least defended, and if the sentence is obviously and outrageously illegal, an appeal is made which is frequently successful. But a worse evil is the way in which men, brought up on other and subsequent charges, frequently of a trivial nature, have their strike record brought up against them when the sentence is considered. It often happens on a charge, say, of neglecting his children, an accusation exceedingly difficult to combat in times of unemployment, that a man's behaviour, during the strike, is commented on and considered to aggravate his offence.

Last, but by no means least, is the question of the unfair treatment as to bail, remands, and the conduct of the prosecution and defence in relation to evidence, given to those who are not professionally represented. The words of a High Court Judge, spoken years ago, remain true: "In this country justice is open to all—like the *Ritz Hotel*."

The matters I have mentioned are well enough known, though insufficiently appreciated. But there are also serious defects in our magisterial system which the lay public does not know. The most important of these is that the great majority of magistrates' clerks are not in an independent position. In theory the clerk advises the magistrates on questions of law and procedure. In many courts he is virtually a judge with a very subservient jury. In others he exists only to find excuses for the decisions his bench wish to make. This is due to the fact that he is almost always a local solicitor, appointed by the magistrates he advises, and in the great majority of cases he is not debarred from private practice. The magistrates whom he advises are in many cases his actual, or prospective, clients. So are the majority of private prosecutors and applicants who come before him. He is continually meeting in business on friendly terms or otherwise the solicitors who practise in his court.

The conflict between public and private interest is very marked in licensing matters, which may involve thousands of pounds, and in which the parties concerned may be his own clients outside the area concerned.

The relations between the police and the magistrates' clerk's office are generally too close. It is a common thing for the police to submit their evidence to the magistrates' clerk before taking the responsibility of initiating proceedings. It is not hard to see that the defence is under a heavy handicap when this is the case. It is also not unusual for a magistrates' clerk, in country districts, to conduct police prosecutions in adjoining areas. This is obviously undesirable. The police should never be allowed to conduct prosecutions when there is any possibility of a serious conflict of evidence. Greater care, too, should be taken to prevent the irregularities which occur in many courts. For instance, it is a common thing for a superintendent, or even a chief constable, ostentatiously to consult his record book while the Bench are considering their decision, thus giving them a broad hint of the existence of previous convictions.

The way in which a prisoner is sternly told to "ask questions" (a difficult job even for a trained advocate) while a police prosecutor is allowed to comment at his own sweet will is an unpleasant feature of many courts.

Another defect of the present system is to be found at its worst in the towns. Almost always there is a rota of magistrates, and it is usual for a summons to be taken out for hearing before a bench which is likely to be favourable. This is not easy to avoid, but it might readily be diminished.

What is the remedy for the evils I have outlined? The appointment of stipendiaries is often suggested as a solution, but it is both expensive and confers too large an amount of patronage on the Government for the time being. Stipendiaries, too, are drawn almost exclusively from one class and are apt to be too keen on technical law. The appointment of more "Labour" magistrates and the exercise of greater care to select men of a judicial temperament would improve matters, but would not alone be sufficient. Magistrates belonging to the working classes are peculiarly liable to be "got at" because they are necessarily more accessible to the friends and relatives of persons usually concerned in the police courts. Magistrates belonging to the middle and upper classes are just as prone to favour their friends, and to rely on outside knowledge rather than on the evidence before them, but in their case temptation seldom comes.

What would do more than anything else to put the magisterial system on a sound basis is the appointment of whole-time magistrates' clerks, who should be debarred from private practice. These appointments should be made exclusively from the bar and the solicitors' profession. The clerks should be made civil servants and should be transferable from one court to another. Their staff should also be civil servants. It would be possible largely to reduce the number of magistrates' clerks, for few country courts sit more than once a week. There may be other remedies, but the appointment of independent magistrates' clerks is, in my view, by far the most important.

I may perhaps be allowed to say that I am and always have been a Conservative in politics, I am a subscriber to my local Unionist Association, and I have practised in an industrial area for over twenty-five years. The police courts, far more than the High Court, affect the outlook of the great majority of the nation. That there should be a general lack of confidence in their fairness is an exceedingly serious thing.

THE WALKING FOOL

ON the 25th instant, at five minutes past three o'clock, post meridian, the moment of departure being determined by the cry, "Time, gentlemen," and the discontinuance of refreshment, The Walking Fool set out on an enterprise not the least heroic in the annals, as Dean Inge has well called them, of our venturesome race: the non-stop crossing of the Strand. At twenty-three minutes past three o'clock on the same afternoon, he had planted both his feet on the opposite pavement.

So much the daily newspapers have reported, each according to its traditional method—*The Times* with austere brevity, for which, however, it made amends on the 26th with a pleasant, prophetic, third leader on 'Walking Tours in the Strand,' the *Daily Mail* in a brilliant description terminating with an offer of free insurance for any who, being registered readers, should be proposing to cross other streets. What has not yet been done is to provide the public with such a summary of the Walking Fool's tactics as should enable posterity, assuming traffic conditions to have improved with the lapse of years, to imitate him.

The first point to be seized is that the successful non-stop crossing of the Strand was effected at that peculiarly hazardous portion bounded on two sides by

the usual buses and on the other two, respectively, by the new post-Adams cinema and the old dejected Victorian buildings which guard the entrance to Bedford Street. There were those who thought that the attempt should have been made from the Bedford Street side, and indeed, under other meteorological conditions, there would have been much force in this opinion. But given the situation as it was on the afternoon of the 25th, the decision of the intrepid pedestrian to start from the Adelphi, two acres, freehold, now for sale, side was sound. As he rightly judged, it was better to be hampered by a queue in the initial than in the final stages of his effort.

One minute after taking off from what most of us may be allowed to call the Adelphi pavement, and what the others call it is of no moment, the adventurer was lost to view. An observer on a Number 15 bus signalled having seen him under its wheels, in the attitude commonly assumed by pedestrians after contact with large and rapidly moving vehicles; but this was almost immediately contradicted by an observer on another Number 15 bus moving in the opposite direction; and as the buses were of the same number, it was generally allowed that there was no reason for preferring evidence from one to evidence from the other. Eight minutes later, it was definitely known that the daring pedestrian, true to his name, The Walking Fool, was coasting along the diminutive, unproductive and over-populated island against which the fury of two-way traffic breaks so vainly. It was not to be expected that so long isolated a people should not be tempted to lure him on to their soil for news of the outer world; but, shaking his head within the limits set by the bonnets of two converging lorries, he moved on.

The most critical stage of his journey was now reached, for Bedford Street was discharging into the Strand a variety of motor-propelled conveyances, and as these mingled with the turbid main stream of traffic, the adventurer was blotted from view, in circumstances which appeared to justify the gloomiest prognostications. The crowd on the Bodega side, so to call it, of the Strand abandoned every hope, except that of securing as souvenirs such portions of the hero's body as might subsequently be found adhering to the tyres of some bus or lorry. The reporters of the more human daily papers, despairing of news of the man himself, but true to their duty, crowded into the tea-shop in which they had thoughtfully installed his aged mother, resolved to get copy out of her tears. She received their melancholy communication, that no hope remained, with fortitude, and, after a suitable interval, accepted a doughnut, of which she had consumed the major portion, when ringing and very largely British cheers banished her grief and made waste of their copy by intimating that The Walking Fool had one foot on the home pavement and every chance of extricating the other from the spokes of a too urgent wheel, as presently he succeeded in doing. Pale, mud-spattered, bleeding from seven abrasions, and cognizant of what eleven hundred drivers thought of his impudence, he was yet unbroken, and in truth so much master of himself as to have in readiness the one perfectly appropriate greeting for her who had given him life. "Mother," he said unhesitatingly, and again, "Mother."

While we salute his achievement, let us not forget that it was rendered possible by cool calculation, and that mere foolhardiness, always repugnant to our people, would never have sufficed. Let us also remember that his mother lives at Streatham, that one of his uncles is an actuary, and other such relevant facts given us by the daily papers. An interview with an aunt who has never seen him since he was three will appear exclusively in all the Sunday papers. It is in the home life of our nation that we must seek the explanation of the heroism that took The Walking Fool across the uncrossable Strand.

T. E. W.

THE MAN WHO LASHED OUT

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

HIS Lordship the Mayor of Bilgeton had broken with his rule not to appear in party politics during his year of office. He had consented to preside over the great meeting gathered to welcome Mr. Michael Firley, for the occasion was a very grave one, a farewell honour to the great public man who was their member and who was now retiring.

His Lordship introduced the speaker of the evening in a few well-chosen words, which I will summarize in *oratio obliqua*.

They were gathered there, to-night not as Liberals or Conservatives, still less as supporters of the Labour Party (*laughter*), but as Englishmen, to welcome one of the greatest Englishmen of our time, and one who had honoured—he thought he might say honoured—the city of Bilgeton by accepting its freedom upon a recent occasion (*applause*). He did not believe in long speeches from the Chairman upon such an occasion as this (*cries of "go on!"*) but he would be lacking in respect to the etc., etc., etc., if he did not etc., etc., etc. The career of Mr. Firley—if he were still plain Mr. Firley he was sure that was through his own choice (*cheers*)—was a household word throughout the Empire and wherever the English language etc., etc., etc. He could not forbear etc., etc., etc., from etc., etc., etc., and etc., etc., etc., such as has made us what we are (*loud cheers*).

His Lordship then called upon Mr. Firley, a tall, lanky man, scholarly, a gentleman, only grey, yet over sixty; spare—already weary of this world; but in whose eyes might be perceived this evening a strange light.

Upon the rising of their member the vast audience heaved to their feet and sang, "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow" to the tune of "Malbrook" and in all the keys adapted to the great variety of voices present. They concluded with three loud cheers, under each of which Mr. Firley raised one eyebrow and depressed the other in a quick nervous movement of which he was not the master.

When stuffy silence had fallen, the man whose career was ending coughed slightly, balanced his eye-glass on his left forefinger, and delivered himself of the following words:

"Men of Bilgeton: when I see you here before me in such numbers, and consider to what ages you have succeeded, what a story there lies behind that generation of which you are the ephemeral members, of what centuries you are the latest crown (*cheers*), I am moved to regard you not without a certain awe, not without a certain pity, but also with a picture in my mind of very different things, very different places, very different men. Those of whom you are the sons and (little as you may know it), the pupils, crowd before me. I recall what heritage of beauty lay to your hands as to those of all our race, what wealth of wisdom, what established laughter, what consolation in tears. It was for you the Charioteer came out of Asia driving the panther team, and for you that the Paphian broke into her earliest smiles. It was for you, and to bring you forth, the latest fruit of time, that the gods on

their cloudy summits to the North conceived the mighty parents of the world. O, summits of what unnumbered æons! O, heirs of what an inheritance! (*loud cheers*).

"I know not how it is, but in the contemplation of your æconomy (when my mind dwells on it from within), in the contemplation of your dwellings, of what were once, I suppose (and perhaps still are) your places of worship, of the ornaments you are pleased to use for the variety of your dress, when my corporeal eyes dwell upon the externals of your lives, I muse! I find something inexplicable. Am I in a bewilderment of things, lost? Or gazing across too wide a gulf of years? Or do I dwell in a world that is other than the world it seems? I know not . . . But I am in an admiration of what time can effect (*applause*).

"It was but some few days ago that I filled a leisured evening—the day had been fine, the air in the declining light was still, the prospect strangely clear—that I filled an evening, I say, with gazing from the heights of the moor above, down into your busy valley. I saw rising from lowering belts of coal smoke (*cheers*) the tall chimneys of Messrs. Haileybury's Limited (*loud and prolonged cheers*), the considerable expanse of the railway station roof, subfusc—nay, 'grisâtre.' I caught a glimpse of the narrow river between brick walls of now respectable antiquity (*cheers*), but the distance was too great to allow me to perceive any details of what objects might be floating upon that historic stream. From the general hum of the great hive there came occasionally sharp sounds detached—the clang of an electric tram, and, at their appointed hour, the indiscriminate hooting of many sirens (*laughter and cheers*). But were they those the Much Enduring Man had heard appealing in a song that killed? I could also faintly catch the peculiar shrill cry of newsvendors, and at irregular but frequent intervals there pierced through, in vivid stabs, the warning whistles of locomotives.

"But all this I saw and heard as upon a background of other things: first, the valley itself contained no more than a few thatched homes of yeomen; the river turned one mill, and that for corn; there were sheep upon the higher pastures. Far away, in some fashion general, as it were, and sustaining it all, the scene was a boundary of mighty and beneficent waters and informed with the Mediterranean air. Great roads had impressed upon a wide landscape the spirit of a mighty soldiery, and authority brooded over the whole. Authority it was, Authority which gave regularity to every shrine and every habitation, every domestic custom, every law: to the plains, to the mountains, to the souls of men. I saw all this first dimly guarded by beneficent powers not of this world, which later changed to have evil faces, but fled at last before the strong dim forms of the saints. (*Cheers*.) I heard the clash of armies, but they were the armies of Christian men, and I saw fantastic loveliness arise in garment and in brick and in wood and in stone.

"All these things I saw as a man may see a vision; I looked for its fruits—but the vision faded. There lay before me—Bilgeton. (*Loud and prolonged cheers*.)

"I have nothing more to say. Nor would I have spoken as I have—I trust that I have not wearied you by any obscurity or by allusions that might be unfamiliar to you (*cries of 'No, no!'*)—had I not determined to put a term to the career of what you have fondly believed (*cheers*) to be your representative (*loud cheers*). Or rather, had not such an occasion been provided for me by others.

"My Lord Mayor (*turning to that official*) was good enough to remark that I was plain Mr. Firley. I can no longer conceal from you that the necessity of finding a seat of the safest kind for the nephew of the Prime Minister (*loud cheers*) has—by I know not what association of ideas—suggested to his Majesty the conferring upon me of a peerage (*loud and prolonged cheers, during which the vast audience again heaved to their feet and attempted in some confusion to renew their former chorus, while Mr. Firley wearily waived them down with his hand and at last obtained a hearing*). Nay, fellow-citizens, if I may so call you (*cheers*), Men, Bilgetonians, do not be too eager to congratulate me on what will be but the last phase of an exhausted life. (*No! No!*) For I make no pretence to that concealment of age which is the vulgar fashion of our day. I go to a peerage, due to I know not what, but you to the daily life of Bilgeton and, as Socrates has said through the mouth of Plato (or Plato through the mouth of Socrates), who can tell which fate is the better? In the greater leisure that is now before me (I have not hesitated to accumulate out of Politics what I thought necessary for the security of my later years) I shall return to communion with the Classics, to the occasional enjoyment of a picture or a statue, to the rarer consolation of reasonable converse—perhaps, who knows (it would be good fortune indeed)—with a true human friend. What will follow after I know not, neither do any of you; for the things beyond this world the gods have marvellously hidden from human eyes."

The right honourable gentleman abruptly sat down, after having spoken for seventeen minutes and thirty-five seconds.

His Lordship the Mayor said, when the thunder of cheering had gradually died down (I again use the *oratio obliqua*), that they had all enjoyed an intellectual treat. They could not all be scholars like Mr. Firley (*cheers*); they could not all—least of all he himself (*cries of 'No, no!'*)—claim to express themselves with the same facility; but they could all, etc., etc., etc., and would recall etc., etc., etc., when their children and their children's children, etc., etc., etc., of this great Empire (*more and still louder cheers, at the conclusion of which the vast audience heaved for a third time to its feet and for the third time intoned their familiar choral salutation, to which Mr. Firley listened with a look of patient agony, and acknowledged with a slight apathetic bow from his stooping figure*).

¶ Mr. L. P. Hartley, who has been away for some weeks, will resume his articles on 'New Fiction' in our next issue.

¶ The attention of competitors is again drawn to the fact that solutions which reach the SATURDAY REVIEW Office by a later post than that specified in the rules are automatically disqualified.

INSECTS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

NOW that the swallows and the nightingales, the laburnum and the lilac, are with us, so too are the insects. In my study, which was once a loft above an old dairy in the garden, fat wood lice creep about ponderously like grey short-sighted old gentlemen. Bees and wasps have begun to fly in through the open windows and keep up a furious buzzing among my books. I have seen a centipede or two. What a creature this is!—an inch of nightmare. Last night some cockchafers came winging into the drawing-room and were so like bullets that you might have thought Nature was standing outside in the garden taking aim at us with an old-fashioned musket. Only yesterday afternoon, I followed the bidding of the moralist and went to the ant. I was lying down on the lawn—on the far and very rough side, let it be said—watching a colony of them running about, trying to understand what tasks kept them so feverishly busy. But I never found out what they were doing; they merely ran and ran and only stopped now and again to exchange a word, or the equivalent of a word in ant life, with their fellow labourers. I have no doubt, however, that they were all doing something, and do not feel disposed to agree with Mark Twain, who declared that the ant was a fraud. After all, if some creature as big as a hill, a being that lived for two thousand years, watched us throughout one of our mornings (about three minutes of his time), he would never be able to understand why we were all so frantically busy, what it was that kept us popping in and out of buildings and scurrying down streets. It can seem futile even to us ourselves, so we can easily imagine what so large and leisurely a creature would think of it.

Then there are the spiders. They are most in evidence here about August, but even now we seem to discover more and more of them every week, little ones that go, swinging out into mid-air on the end of their own silken ropes, thin ones with tiny bodies and long legs that race down walls, and fat hairy ones that pretend to be dead and are obviously wickedness itself. These last terrify all the womenfolk here, and indeed all the women who come visiting here. I do not share their horror of spiders, and may be seen on many an evening dealing roundly with the insects. Perhaps, however, I ought to say that I am not afraid of English spiders, because I once saw a spider that made me feel very uncomfortable. I saw it on the quay at Port Limon, a little gaily coloured and cosmopolitan town in Costa Rica that looks as if it had been invented by O. Henry. Port Limon spends most of its working hours loading ships with bananas, and apparently this monstrous spider had hidden itself among the fruit. There are stories of these horrors travelling to England and suddenly revealing themselves to Covent Garden porters. I had heard those stories before and had always found them difficult to believe, but once I had seen that spider the difficulty was removed. If a Covent Garden porter finds him-

self charged with being drunk and disorderly, he ought to hint to the magistrate that he had spent a few minutes of the previous morning looking into the eyes of one of those tropical spiders, peering at him over a bunch of bananas. A nigger who was hanging about the quay, I remember, told us that the spider we saw there was not a creditable specimen. "Him little one," he observed blandly. "You should see him grandfather." He should have said "grandmother," I believe, because the females in this kind vastly outgrow the males, whom they commonly kill and eat. I can imagine few experiences more hair-raising than a sudden and unexpected encounter with that spider's grandmother. She must be as big as a tureen, as hairy as a sweeping-brush, and as malevolent as the devil himself. Let us be thankful that she is crouching somewhere in the hot swamps of Central America and not putting the first of her thick hairy legs over the window-sill in our drawing-room.

Thus it is that though I do not share my household's terror of the spiders that visit us, I can quite understand it. It is only that, being more insensitive than they are, I need a larger size of spider to impress me. Our attitude towards these creatures is very curious. There is obviously no material reason for our dislike of them. Spiders do not pilfer and soil our food as rats and mice do; they do not, so far as I know, bring any disease into our homes; and they prey upon such insects as flies, things that are at best a nuisance and at their worst a real danger. We should be pleased to see spiders so long as they do not attain to a size that enables them to give us a good hard bite. We ought to regard them as clean and useful little creatures, humble friends of the family, and should be ready to pet them and admire their astonishing habits. Why do they fill us with loathing? Why do we point to them shudderingly and then murder them? Is thy servant a fly that she should do this thing? It is all very curious. Those large house-spiders, it is true, outrage decency in the matter of the number and the hairiness of their legs, and most women of my acquaintance declare that there is something terrifying or sickening in the very sight of these creatures on the move, racing along the wall. But after all they are only running away, taking their hairy legs and blood-sodden bodies as far as possible from the nearest human. If they always scurried towards the most shrinking woman's nose, there might be some sense in the outcry against them. Let us admit that our attitude is unreasonable.

It is, I think, the idea of a spider that really works the mischief in us. The thing has come to be accepted as a symbol of whatever is predatory and sinister. Its ingenuity is too devilish to be admired. It can be matched, however, over and over again in its own world, a world that seems to most of us absolutely repulsive, appalling. Only the man of science can wander about at his ease in that world of insects. He can do it because he is only in search of curious information and knows there is plenty to be found there. You can hear him declaring: "In all centipedes, except *Scutigera*, respiration is effected by chitinized tracheal tubes which extend with their ramifications throughout the body and open to

the exterior by means of spiracles perforating the lateral or pleural membrane of more or fewer of the somites below the edge of the terga." He is cool but interested because the creature is lying dead in front of his eyes, which now see it as a piece of mechanism. He is at ease in the world of the insects because he has turned it into a museum, a collection of mechanisms, all to be examined and reported on at leisure. But if you spy upon it as an arena of life, as another ring in the great circus, you are filled with horror. These are such stuff as nightmares are made on. We have only to stoop and use a magnifying glass to imagine ourselves in hell. Fiends would be proud to wear such shapes. When Mr. Wells took us to the moon and wanted to show us moonish creatures, he had only to enlarge a few specimens from the nearest ant-hill to capture our imagination and leave us fascinated and appalled. Here under our feet is a grotesque and bitter travesty of life. The sluggard goes to the ant and thereafter determines never to raise a hand again. If there is a death in the house, we tell the bees; but when the bees do the telling, there is also a death in the house, the death of all our hopes. Here, in the hive, is the completely efficient and orderly society, the reformer's dream, our goal in miniature, and it seems a dreary horror.

Compared with the blustering mammals, all these tiny creatures, so cool and ingenious in their efforts to feed and reproduce themselves, seem to be very ancient and wise inhabitants of this globe. They have successfully solved problems that we ourselves have not yet solved. It is true that we seem to have certain advantages. No beetle has yet been discovered standing before the carcasses of a man, lecturing upon it to other beetles. But then we should not know what was happening if we did come upon the scene. There may, for all we know to the contrary, be philosopher ants, and a turn of the spade in the garden may put an end to theories of reality that would command our respect if we could but understand them. The bees may have come to the conclusion that any scheme of life that does not concentrate entirely upon the production of honey and more bees is wasteful and futile. Perhaps all the drones are artists and philosophers. The spider that scurries away at a touch may be thinking that the large two-legged creatures will not last much longer but will soon join the ichthyosaurus and the pterodactyl. Such reports as we have, however, suggest that nothing of this kind is happening and that the insects feed and reproduce themselves with a blind cunning and have no time for poetry and philosophy and fun. And that, I suggest, is why the idea of them frightens or depresses us, why we find it difficult to give them a place in our brotherhood under the stars. Earth, our parent, who wants all the poetry and philosophy and fun she can get, tried her hand on the insects, but when they failed her she left them to their own cold and dreary devices. Since then she has tried her hand on us, and is indeed still trying, and sometimes she is satisfied with our progress and at other times she is not. Just now—but there, let us think about the bees and the ants and the spiders.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- * The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
 * Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

ARCOS

SIR,—Anglo-Russian relations are in a state of strain, and the strain has been intensified by our melodramatic police raid on the premises of the Russian Trade Delegation and Arcos—a difficult subject on which as usual the SATURDAY REVIEW has written in a restrained, broad and dignified manner.

As our Die-hards appear to desire a definite breach with Soviet Russia which may perhaps lead us (as certain people, including the "White" Russians and their associates, desire) into some sort of war against her, it is as well at this juncture to ask what is to be gained thereby? Apart from the increase of unemployment in Britain that is bound to ensue, do these people think they can beat Russia? Do they imagine that we are likely to succeed where the great Napoleon with his hordes drawn from every country of Europe failed—a failure in which I am proud to think descendants of Scotsmen took a noble part on the winning side? Polish troops are not as bad as would appear from a book written by a French officer and recently translated into English—the Polish contingent was the only foreign unit of Napoleon's army to save its artillery after the Beresina—but the Rumanian army is in military circles "*une chose pour rire*." Our military invasions of Russia and Siberia during 1918-1920 in support of Koltchak, Tchaikovsky, Denikin and Wrangel were no more successful, and as to these it is I think imperative at the present moment to make known what General Brussilof, one of the few really great Russian Army commanders of the War period, has said.

The quotation is from a special private interview accorded by General Brussilof on the 5 August, 1922, to the Correspondent in Russia of *Il Giornale d'Italia* and published in that Rome paper in its issue of March 26 last year which lies in front of me. Brussilof had just died in Moscow and the introductory paragraphs declare that the interview was to be kept private while he was alive. Inset is a reproduction of a note of greeting to the Italian correspondent signed by Brussilof himself and dated August 5, 1922. I can only give a translation of a portion of the interview, but for your personal verification, Sir, I enclose a copy of the original Italian.

... I have been bitterly reproached for having associated myself with the destroyers of my country. . . What am I? A soldier. I tell you that I acted according to my conscience. . . At a fateful moment for our country I did not believe in hesitating. . . The throne has disappeared. Where is the Czar? Who is the Czar? We do not know. Our oath is dissolved. The Emperor does not exist, but Russia remains. Even the present political régime will disappear. But yesterday and to-day it represents Russia. In the moment of danger I offered my services to assist in saving Russia from the foreigner. Remember that: from the foreigner. (Ricordatelo: dallo straniero.) Nothing else. I am a soldier. I saw the soil of our Holy Russia invaded by the foreigner: and I remained faithful to my trust.

As to the hordes of foreigners invading Russian territory, Capt. Francis McCullagh (who was on the British Staff with Admiral Koltchak in Siberia) is very illuminating on page 288 of his interesting book 'A Prisoner of the Reds':

Though anti-nationalist themselves, the Bolsheviks have been assisted in their struggle against Koltchak, Denikin and the Poles by a nationalist movement among the Russians who saw that practically all the Red Army was Russian, while Koltchak, for example, though professedly nationalist, was assisted to such an extent by British, French, Italians, Japanese, Chinese, Poles, Serbs, Czechs, and Americans, that his enterprise was

described as an invasion of Russia by a gang of international capitalists.

The gallant Captain has omitted the Rumanian contingent. Certain details of these invading forces were supplied by M. Pichon, the Foreign Minister, speaking in the French Chamber on March 26, 1919:

Archangel front:	English	13,500
	French	2,500
	Italian	1,100
	American	2,000
In Siberia:	Czecho-Slovaks	55,000
	Poles	12,000
	Rumanians	4,000
	English	2,000
	French	760
	Japanese	28,000
	Canadians	7,000
	Americans	7,600

Another invasion will unite the Russians as strongly as before; but I have a strong suspicion that the Red Army is a better fighting force now than the old Imperial Army ever was, so the task would be no cake-walk.

I am, etc.,
J. C. MACGREGOR

THE DOGS' PROTECTION BILL

SIR,—Your correspondent, "An F.R.S." asks in his letter on the above subject, "What can be a higher motive than the advancement of natural knowledge and truth, the pursuit of which is to most enlightened persons, the noblest of all causes?" May I inform him that there are still some old-fashioned persons who prefer to hold that the pursuit of spiritual knowledge and of the high standard of honour of the true English gentleman are far nobler "motives" than that of "natural knowledge," if such knowledge can only be gained by cruelty? There are even people to be found in these days who would, with Socrates, prefer death with honour to long life obtained through means which are revolting to the spiritual sensibilities of the Christian or the high sense of honour of an English gentleman. Newman, I believe in his "The Idea of a University," tells us that a true gentleman is one who, among other things, "never inflicts pain." To torture creatures who are not only helpless, but who look to men as their natural protectors, may be amusing to the "natural" man, but to those who are not immersed in matter, and to the true gentleman, it is revolting. Can it be either noble or courageous to shift the burden of human pain and grief on to those helpless creatures which the Creator has thrown upon our mercy? It does not appear to me to be a gentlemanly course of action.

I am, etc.,
A. B. HORDERN

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

SIR,—I have not one word to withdraw from my letter in your issue of May 14. The point at issue between the Latin Church and the Protestant Church is on the interpretation of Christ's own words, "This is My Body." The former Church take a literal meaning, and the latter a figurative or emblematic. It is all balderdash to assert, without proof, a change of substance; the teachers of this absurdity dare not apply a practical test, viz., submit a consecrated wafer or a portion of wine to an analytical chemist, and would the priest eat or drink if poison had been added? The Fathers are not agreed on this subject, as I have shown, and Tertullian, A.D. 192, carefully guards against the literal interpretation of "this is My Body," by the addition "that is a figure of My Body." See Bishop Jewel v. Harding, vol. 2, Parker Society, page 601. Origen, A.D. 230, "As none could

say that Christ could be properly eaten as bread; so neither can we eat His flesh except in a spiritual sense." The Church of Rome demands the unanimous opinion of the Fathers; where is it to be found in above passage or in Matt. xvi, 18? Will Messrs. Colledge and Chapman note, it is ridiculous ignorance to assert that the Holy Ghost transubstantiates? Do they literally imagine that "Jehovah is a man of war"? Exod. xv. "It [the roast lamb] is the pass-over," Exod. xii. "All flesh is grass," Isa. 40. "Their throat is an open sepulchre," Rom. iii, 13. "I am the vine, ye are the branches," John xv. Matt. xiii, 37-39 illustrates "this is my body," yet strange to say the Rheims N.T., with approval of some three R.C. Archbishops and twenty Bishops has not any note on these three last references.

I am, etc.,
Waverton, Chester
ROBERT FOULKES

SIR,—Will you give me a line to say that "transubstantiation" is a Church-made term for a God-effected fact? When Christ took the bread, it was bread: when He said, "This is My Body," He *ipso verbo* made it His Body. He changed its substance into that of His pre-existing Body, or transubstantiated it, by means and method unknown to us, but by His own Divine power. Metaphor being here inadmissible, His words imply that change which the Church calls "transubstantiation"; and no better word is available to express it.

But observe, the change is not an exchange. Neither Scripture nor Church definitions contain a hint of any substitution of Body for bread. In fact, if the substance of the bread were removed or annihilated and either a new or the pre-existing Body of Christ put into its place, the change would not be transubstantiation, but a totally different miracle. The substance of the bread was, and is, not destroyed but turned (*convertitur*) into that of Christ's Body, by an act of His power. For what He said and did and gave at the supper He says and does and gives in every man. For He added, "Do this in remembrance of Me."

I am, etc.,
A. B. CRANE

Hennapyn Lodge, Chelston, Torquay

SIR,—I was very interested to read in Mr. Foulkes's letter of the 125 curses proclaimed against non-believers in transubstantiation by the Council of Trent, just as I was interested in Mr. Cawley's letter to read of the Society of Friends, but being an Anglican these things do not concern me.

I should be obliged if Mr. Foulkes would ascribe the passage by Doctor Gore to its context, and I would remind him that those passages in his last sentence, imply Christ's carnal bodily absence, but not his spiritual absence. Most Catholics would join Mr. Foulkes in his denunciation of his own very crude conception of transubstantiation.

Mr. Richard Niven may be strictly correct when he says that the early Fathers did not know of the term transubstantiation—the technical term belongs to a much later period. They held the nucleus from which it is built, of which there is ample proof. Probably St. Peter and his colleagues could not have adequately defended the homo-ousion theory against the homoi-ousion, but nobody questions it seriously to-day in orthodox circles. There is no object served by stating that such a person of such a period did not hold a theory which was defined centuries after his death, but he may have believed the essential truth contained therein, all the same.

Exactly why the Apostolic Succession should be at stake because I maintain that the Holy Spirit and not the priest transubstantiates, I fail to see. As far

as I remember, too, I never questioned the incompatibility of the doctrine of the 1552 Prayer Book with valid transubstantiation.

In conclusion, I should just say that the doctrine of the Real Presence held by the Greek Church, differs in name only—Meta-ousiosis, from the true doctrine of transubstantiation. Between the change of essence and change of substance there can be no difference, in that both essence, and substance, mean essential part.

I am, etc.,

W. R. CARSON-CHAPMAN

43 Roydstone Terrace, Bradford

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

SIR,—Two contributions have appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW from two different gentlemen, each adequately fitted to pronounce with some authority upon matters of art, and each presenting us with an argument pointing in the opposite direction.

I am much reminded of Kant, where he states that metaphysicians should suspend work until the possibility of their object has been demonstrated. No one would, of course, hold that artists should suspend work until the possibility of portraying beauty has been demonstrated, but at least a few would advocate that artists should cease from discussing and condemning each other's art, each other's conception of beauty.

The two contributions to which I refer would seem to demonstrate very clearly the difficulty of the first question in *Æsthetics*, viz.—what is beauty? That this is an antinomial question is only too obvious from the letters which have appeared, but if I may go a step further, not indiscreetly, I feel that even the original article by Mr. Bertram exhibits the impossibility of the discussion, taken by itself.

I take two sentences from his article as the turning points of the argument. "The artist usually turns away from it [beauty] because, in his modesty, he is afraid he has nothing new to say." Now if the artist turns away from beauty, he must turn to something which is not beautiful, a fact which he bears out later where he says "beautiful subjects are worn out"; artists, then, are turning away from it, towards the not beautiful. Later he says that artists are merely trying to prove that ugliness does not exist, but how can they do this when they have turned away from beauty?

If, then, Mr. Bertram, who is an authority upon these matters, is not really quite clear upon what he means by beauty himself, surely it is clear that there can be no grounds for logical argument about it?

No man can argue upon the assumption that his conception of beauty is "absolute," for in such an argument the major premiss is undefined. Each man has his own conception of beauty, which, in so far as he is concerned, is perfect. He will never admit that it is either insipid or dangerous, because to him it is perfection.

I am, etc.,

A. GÉRARD-BOULTON

43 Clarence Road, Barrow-in-Furness

SPIRITUALISTIC MATERIALIZATION

SIR,—Apropos of your review of Dr. Geley's book, it is very suspicious that the moulds that are said to be made from the hands of materialized spirits are always made of wax, for that substance is very plastic at quite low temperatures, and the moulds can quite easily be faked, so as to give the appearance of the hands having been withdrawn through impossibly small apertures, this being the proof usually advanced that the hands were those of materialized spirits, which were withdrawn from the moulds by dematerialization.

If genuine, why should not the moulds be cast in hard bronze or molten cast iron, which would be much more difficult to tamper with, and would therefore be much more convincing?

Surely high temperatures should have no terrors for genuine spirits, if such things really exist.

I am, etc.,

A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON

The Athenæum, Pall Mall

CANVASSING AT ELECTIONS

SIR,—The vast majority of electors, women especially, are apathetic. The personality, therefore, of a candidate and the energy displayed by him during his candidature play a far more important part in obtaining votes than the merits (or demerits) of the programme of the particular party he represents. Personal canvassing on behalf of a candidate often places a tradesman in a quandary, his customers not being confined to one party. In the large boroughs this is perhaps of minor importance, but is very embarrassing in country districts and is apt to interfere with personal liberty.

The late Mr. Henry Labouchere was opposed to any form of canvassing, which he considered an insult to the intelligence of the electorate, and apart from an occasional meeting, the electors of the Borough of Northampton had to be content with the perusal of his election address in the local Press, while he considered that they displayed superior intelligence by so regularly returning him. With the probable greatly augmented female franchise, the personality of a candidate and personal canvassing on his behalf will, unless checked, overshadow the issue before the country, and since we live in enlightened times and with a versatile Press, voters should be fully competent to form their own opinion of the qualifications of the parties soliciting their support, and if any form of personal canvassing on behalf of a candidate were made illegal, it would not only save the individual candidate a considerable outlay, but would lead to a fairer opinion being afforded by the country.

I am, etc.,

OWEN HOWARD OWEN

Huntspill, Somerset

THE PERFECT INN

SIR,—Mr. J. W. Blake's letter is interesting. Perhaps he learned last year from an article by Mr. E. V. Lucas in the *Sunday Times* that the French have produced for their "home counties" just such a Guide as he evidently wants—'L'Annuaire Gastronomique Auberges et Hostelleries—1927.' The Editor takes each of the routes out of Paris, pursues it for 300 kilometres, and tells which are the houses of good cheer and what are their specialities in the way of food and wine. But one could not publish such a book in England; a four-page leaflet would supply all the information that the good gourmet can usefully carry in his head in regard to hotels and restaurants within 150 miles of London. If I did not fear that your readers would think I was going out of my way to advertise a friend's endeavour in that direction, I would put down the name of one good inn: Mr. Fothergill's 'The Spreadingeagle,' at Thame, which comes just within Mr. Blake's limit of distance. And 'The Bell' at Hurley can do you quite well too, and so can the 'Hotel de Paris' at Bray.

I am, etc.,

GRANT RICHARDS

8 St. Martin's Street,
Leicester Square, W.C.2

[Far from erring by mention of particular inns, correspondents would be doing a service to fellow-readers, as well as to meritorious inns, by naming them.—Ed., S.R.]

AN APPRECIATION

SIR,—I am one of those many old friends of your REVIEW who must be delighted to see that its circulation is "going strong." I myself take it as a sign of the times.

Recently, for about a year, I was under the painful necessity of reading my SATURDAY REVIEW in a public library—when I could! The boys had it, the middle-aged men had it, and the old men had it. But the boys—I blessed them and passed on to less true thought.

It is not often that you come across a man to whom you can really commend the SATURDAY REVIEW. I have tried and know. One, a first-class scientist, said it was a bit "pungent," wasn't it? I was dumb, because I liked him. But I have recently found a man to whom the unregenerate would scarcely ever think of mentioning the SATURDAY REVIEW, and, of course, he has taken it in at once—instanter.

In the day of small things I was a missionary for the SATURDAY REVIEW; now I am merely its trumpeter, loudly proclaiming its triumph.

I am, etc.,

"A MERE PARSON"

Weston-super-Mare

P's AND Q's

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers enlighten me as to the meaning of the public-house sign, 'The Elephant and Castle'?

T. S. Y. BOULT

SIR,—What is the origin of the phrase, "To the pure all things are pure"?

W. WATTS

SIR,—How did the expression, "Mind your P's and Q's arise"?

W. CHARLTON

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. D. Shelley, will find all the necessary information about Thomas Toke Lynch in Julian's 'Dictionary of Hymnology' (p. 705. Edition 1907). One of his poems is included in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's 'Oxford Book of Victorian Verse' and a hymn—'Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord'—is in the 'English Hymnal.'

C. MARSON

"OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS"

SIR,—The phrase is mentioned by the Venerable Bede in his 'Ecclesiastical History,' completed in A.D. 735. St. Aidan, so it is said, gave his blessing to a young priest, who was to set out by land, but to return by water, to convey a young maiden destined for the bride of King Oswin or Oswy. Aidan gave the priest a cruse of oil to pour on the sea if the waves became stormy. A storm did arise, and the priest poured the oil on the waves, which at once subsided. Bede says "He had the story from a most creditable man in holy orders." Aidan died in A.D. 694 and Bede in 735. Commodore Wilkes (1798-1877) and Professor Horsford mention the settling effects of oil on troubled waters as a physical fact.

M. PORRITT

THE THEATRE
IS REVUE DAMNED?

BY IVOR BROWN

One Dam Thing After Another. Mr. Charles B. Cochran's Revue. The London Pavilion.

REVUE, which appeared at one time to enjoy the soundest of lives, has recently shown signs of dissolution and decline. Musical comedy, which a few years ago seemed to be dying in its bed as quietly as its vocal princesses would allow, suddenly leaped into new life with the horrific vigour of one who has consumed a patent medicine. It rang for its frogged uniforms, threw out its chest beneath a canopy of gold braid, and gallantly renewed its throne-side manner. There was full restoration of eloquence to "lovers' confessions when uttered in Hessians," and a general stampede to catch the Golden Arrows, Blue Trains, and Orient Expresses which cater so handsomely for the lovers of a rest-cure on the Lido or in the Balkans. Meanwhile the success of 'Blackbirds' had provided another rival to embarrassed revue. For 'Blackbirds' had little of the essence of revue; it was not topical or satirical. It was Chaos, not Comedy. It was a medley of dance and din whose cascade of whirling limbs was a kind of internal response to the cascade of whirling lights on the region walls without. One or two revues of the established kind had lamentably short runs. Naturally one had to ask whether fashion had moved on.

Mr. Cochran, bravely returning to revue, has provided us with an answer. The criticism of a revue based on attendance at the first night may be unfair; what lagged on that occasion may have been sloughed away before the week is out, since managers of revue have usually a bigger fistful of cards than they can hold and are in a position to discard from weakness. But, judging by what I saw at Mr. Cochran's first performance, the formula for making revue sketches is showing signs of strain. Mr. Ronald Jeans is an ingenious librettist; he knows the town and the taste and the way to wing a shaft of folly as it flutters. He has written scores of witty sketches in the last ten years and there is some good work of his in the present show. But he is the victim of limitations which are not of his making. His possible subjects are narrowed down by conditions which are special to this country. It is those conditions which are imprisoning revue and forcing it to waste and dwindle behind bars.

In the first place personal banter, which is so rich an asset to the French comedian, is almost entirely barred. In England the satirist must work through generalities and pelt abstractions with his darts. The public taste apparently vetoes political skits and the Censor keeps a strict and jealous watch for political personalities. We have entirely lost the licence which was the seeding-ground of Comedy, and if the first and greatest of revue-writers, Aristophanes, had been bound by our conditions he would probably have retired in disgust from an impossible situation. It is arguable that the freedom of the Attic comedians was intemperately and even savagely used and that our distaste for cruelty shows a civilization more mature. Yet, if that be granted, the way of the modern satirist is still wretchedly restricted and the art of revue is shackled by our thin skins as it were by bonds of iron.

Another barrier to the free play of mind in revue is the assumption, probably just, that an average English audience is completely ignorant of the arts and will rigidly refuse to accept them as issues of the day. In Paris that is not the case and æsthetic politics are not held to be mysteries for the passionate few. In the matter of painting our popular Press

makes three names do all the work. Mr. Epstein is one; if I mention the second I shall probably stimulate the vituperative propensities of its possessor; Mr. Augustus John holds the third position and Sir William Orpen is a bad fourth. Mrs. Procter may possibly be added as a fifth, but since she has been taken up by one house she is likely to be carefully neglected henceforward by the other two.

Apart from these personalities the public is not expected to know or care about anything and a revue-writer who expected his public to know of a Sickert or a Steer would be quickly blue-pencilled by his producer. In letters the Sitwells remain in the monotonous position of Standing Joke and to allude to any poetry but theirs would again be to trespass on impossible ground. The theatre naturally knows a little about the theatre, and one actor's mimicry of another can be popular, but music is another victim of the taboo and to mention architecture would be ruination. Accordingly, the kind of revue-writing which the Athenian public received and relished in 'The Frogs' and 'The Acharnians' is utterly impossible nowadays and, with religion ruled out, the satirist has to be content with any social foible that happens to be widely known. Thus revue goes pottering on with its tired skits on broadcasting, while community singing arrives as a happy novelty and butt for jests. Poor Mr. Jeans has a parish instead of a province, and on he must plod with the B.B.C. or the theatre itself as his heavily over-worked target.

Accordingly, without an expansion of permissible themes, revue must tend to languish until we have recovered our appetite for a diet thus closely limited. But there is fortunately another line of progress which might also be called a line of regress. That is to abandon for a while the co-operative and truly comedic side of revue and return to the individualism of a variety entertainment. Mr. Cochran's new show is strongest where it is most individual. The members of the cast who were least co-operative were most successful. There was Mr. Art Fowler, for instance, who had the stage to himself and a ukalele. Were Mr. Fowler to forget that instrument, I do not think that his "turn" would be much diminished in quality. For he is a *diseur* with a highly confiding manner and, were his melodic capabilities taken from him, he should still smile, and smile, and smile and be victorious. Then there was Miss Edyth Baker, who is not a revue artist in the sense that she can be in Los Angeles one minute and Chelsea or China the next. Miss Baker can dance a modish step or shuffle, but her particular loyalty is to a grand piano on which she makes a forcible impress of virtuosity while demonstrating that what is superficially trick-work can have a genuine musical foundation. Miss Baker and Mr. Fowler are both essentially "turn" artists. You could transpose them to a drawing-room and they would be as effective as they are in adding to the total of Mr. Cochran's "dam" but by no means damnable things.

Mr. Morris Harvey, on the other hand, is a revue artist in the true sense. He will spend a laborious evening in applying a dozen masks to the same face. He has a gusto which unites his brilliant varieties of comedy; but he is the variety artist on whom revue used to depend. He suffers, along with the librettist, by the fatigue which has come over the textual side of revue. He flung what freshness he could into the show and he was frequently very amusing indeed. He had my sympathy, because he was obviously working about a dozen times as hard as the exponents of the "turn," while they were proving the more effective. To Mr. Max Wall, one of those acrobatic dancers to whom an elastic substance instead of flesh and bone has been given by providence or achieved by superfluities of care, it would be impossible to deny the diligence so manifest in Mr. Harvey's work. But Mr. Wall is among the individualists; that is to say,

he was swimming with the tide. Miss Jessie Matthews, Miss Mimi Crawford, and Mr. Sonnie Hale were mainly co-operative and always as charming as their chances would allow. The revue is less spectacular than some others of Mr. Cochran's production, but it is stamped with his taste in the design to which Mr. Aubrey Hammond contributed of his best. I hazard a prophecy that Mr. Cochran's next revue will be simpler still, because it will be more of a series of "turns." If revue returns to the music-hall it will certainly not be damned. The sketch-writers can pause for breath and wait for new themes to arrive which are not banned by our strict limitations of subject. The new music-hall, towards which revue is tending, will not be as earthy or as native as the old; it will owe more to Broadway and less to Shore-ditch. It will be slick, dapper, "cute" and Americanized. For my part I shall welcome it not so much for itself as for the respite it will give to the revue I like best. While we are listening to Miss Baker and Mr. Fowler the essential revue of topical satire should be recovering its breath for a new delivery of salted speech.

MUSIC

MARRIED LOVE OR THE GERMAN OPERA

IT was a happy thought on the part of the London Opera Syndicate to preface the revival of 'Fidelio,' which was an act of piety to Beethoven's memory, by giving performances of Mozart's 'Die Entführung.' For with these additions to the usual repertory of Wagner and Strauss the current season at Covent Garden has provided us with an historical survey of the development of German opera. One important link in the chain is, indeed, absent. For 'The Magic Flute' is the first meeting-point of all the influences that went to form the German style—the popular melody, the fairy-tale element so dear to all Germans, and above all the exalted ideals expressed. Some of these elements are present in a greater or less degree in all the operas produced during the past weeks. The fairy-tale element branched off through Weber's 'Der Freischütz' to the 'Ring' and 'Parsifal,' leaving Beethoven on one side. The popular element is always present, notably in 'Der Rosenkavalier,' which may not be a fairy-tale in the ordinary sense but certainly encroaches now and then upon the borders of fairyland. Wagner may have made little use of the popular idiom, as we understand it in the songs of Osmin, Papageus and Rocco and in the waltz-tunes of Strauss, but he aimed at making an appeal to the general public rather than to the aristocratic few, who supported the artificial operas, and in the end his appeal fell upon receptive ears.

It is the moral element to which I want at the moment to draw attention. So far as Belmonte and Constanze stand for anything, it is for the idea of fidelity in the face of adversity. It is the ideal of Tamino and Pamina and of Florestan and Leonore, an ideal which is put into words in the title of 'Fidelio oder die eheliche Liebe'—'Fidelio or Married Love.' Wagner, who failed in his life to hold to that ideal more than most men, could not throw it overboard completely. He doped Tristan and Isolde and Siegfried, in order to excuse their lapses from virtue in our eyes. But Brünnhilde had no such excuse for not rising to the heights of endurance shown by Pamina, although her test was of a different and perhaps more severe kind. Wagner lived, it must not be forgotten, when the idea of a less stringent sexual law was being considered by theorists who perceived that strictness did not make always for the happiness of the persons concerned. Just so

Mozart and Beethoven lived at a time when a reaction against excessive freedom in these matters and against excessive repression in most others was developing. The results were the satire of 'Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni' and the earnestness of 'Die Entführung,' 'The Magic Flute' and 'Fidelio.' 'Parsifal,' with its sham ideal of chastity taking the form of impotent sensuality, is no less the inevitable outcome of Wagner's practice of the easy precepts of 'Tristan.' Finally in 'Der Rosenkavalier' the wheel has turned its full cycle. We are back in the days of Maria Theresa and immorality is once more castigated in the satirical manner, while, as in 'Figaro,' we are given the contrast of genuine sentiment and an ideal which is none the less high for being common.

'Fidelio' inevitably engages the attention most at this moment. It concentrates wholly upon the ideal, or, at any rate, the composer has concentrated upon that alone. He was unfortunate in his librettist, who presented him with a long expository scene which has little relevance to the plot. How little Beethoven was interested in the minor characters is evident from the absolute change of style which occurs when his interest is aroused by the conflict between Leonore and Pizarro. The first scene is written in the ordinary operatic manner of his day, very competently indeed, as we might expect of genius, but without any special individuality. There is the famous quartet in canon, which was admirably sung at Covent Garden in contrast to the very faulty *ensemble* in the last scene of all. But the quartet, though a fine piece of music, produces no sense of dramatic tension such as we feel during the quartet in 'Rigoletto.' It is comparable with the quintet in 'Die Meistersinger,' but Wagner has skilfully placed that supreme piece of music at a point in the drama where a moment of repose is needed. The action is held up on purpose. In the first scene of 'Fidelio' the action has not begun, and this contemplative quartet is dramatically meaningless. Even the Prisoners' chorus, in which Beethoven at last finds something really after his own heart, is not very relevant to the main plot. It is a fine piece of dramatic writing and the climax on the words "O Freiheit, kehrest du zurück!" followed by the sudden poignant change to submission and doubt came off magnificently in the performance. Did this chorus come at the beginning of the first act instead of at the end, it would surely create the atmosphere of the opera, whose plot centres round the struggle for liberty against oppression. In its actual place it comes too late to save the ill-proportioned scheme of the drama.

The first scene of the second act is another story. Here there is a strong dramatic interest, of a commonplace kind indeed, but undeniably effective. Beethoven rises to the occasion with extraordinary power. We are not reminded, here, of Mozart, as in most of the first act, nor of Beethoven's clumsy choral writing, as in the *finale*. The music is vivid and heightens the excitement aroused by the action. So far as it bears any resemblance to any other operatic music, it reminds one of Wagner. Beethoven was fumbling blindly towards the idea of a drama with music, which was Wagner's conscious aim, and in this prison scene he has hit the mark. Yet, oddly enough, the most poignant moment of the scene, which was acted better than it was sung, was the passage of spoken dialogue after Pizarro's exit. The emphasis is, in fact, thrown upon the drama rather than the music, and it is only when the drama rises above the level of mere fustian that we are moved. But, admirable though this one scene is, the Leonore Overture No. 3, which was played after it, confirmed once more the opinion that Beethoven was merely hampered by the theatrical paraphernalia. He expressed all that was worth saying about the story of Florestan and Leonore with far more force in this symphonic poem than in the whole of the string of pieces

which make up the opera. Beethoven had a gift for expressing the dramatic conflict between ideas, but he had not the sense of theatrical effect and of individual characterization which make the great operatic composer. Yet the opera was worth doing in order that we might hear its fine occasional music and see the prison scene.

H.

ART

STEER AND SICKERT

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

TO admire Mr. Steer and Mr. Sickert is to save a great deal of argument. Their names are olive branches to the contending armies. Under their spell the academician lies down with the Post-Impressionist; the bishop and the Bloomsburyite agree. This wide acceptance in so hotly differing an epoch is surely a witness to their great worth. That it is hard to judge our contemporaries is our general plea, but I believe most of us will bet on Mr. Steer and Mr. Sickert. Anyway, we will stake our reputations, if not our money.

It is a rare delight that there should be exhibitions of both these masters at the same time in London. Mr. Wilson Steer is at *Barbizon House*, 9 Henrietta Street, in the full dress of oil and water-colour, eighteen staggering exhibits; Mr. Sickert, unluckily only in shirt-sleeves, twenty-eight drawings, at the *Savile Gallery*, 10 Savile Row. But Mr. Sickert does not suffer from the comparison so severely as he might: he is even happy in shirt-sleeves, and there is even something in his manner which makes full dress sit a little uneasily on him. In plain language, he often draws rather better than he paints. And he always paints extraordinarily well.

I believe the last one-man exhibition held by Mr. Steer was that at the *Goupil Gallery* in March, 1922. On that occasion I wrote: "We must recognize a master whom, alone of living painters, we could dare to compare with Rubens. His vision is totally opposed to that of Rubens; so are his methods. I mean only that he has the same joy in paint, the same mastery over his brush, the same gusto; or, if not the same, something near it." I was writing then in particular of the great 'Toilet of Venus,' which was really a kind of pastiche of Fragonard, very witty and very delightful, and Fragonard, of course, was "out of" Rubens.

It is evidence of the cultured versatility of Mr. Steer's art that, in this exhibition, I am again reminded of Rubens. The magnificent 'Rainbow' (lent by Sir C. K. Butler) has great similarities with Rubens's late landscapes. It has the same masterly combination of the passing moment and the lasting structure. The landscape is classically there, and at the same time romantically understood. This blend of Northern and Southern vision is essentially Rubenian. I do not say this to belittle Mr. Steer, or to indulge in the tiresome and easy game of "spotting influence." It seems to me of interest, because it shows how Mr. Steer is able to make use, not only of his own vision and of external nature, but also of the vision of the masters. It is this which gives such richness to his work, a richness which results from the perfect blending of the three elements so that the final production is unmistakably a Steer.

In his later work he has somewhat sacrificed the Rubenian architecture for exquisite subtlety of colour. These pictures, which are more individual and, perhaps, more immediately charming, seem a little

weak, on closer knowledge of them. It is the same with the water-colours. Perhaps Mr. Steer has gone a shade too far in his search after economy of statement and subtlety of colour. These works are almost "slight." I say "almost" because so effective is his statement and so exquisite his subtlety that we are allured into content. But, after all, it is the solid, fully-realized things in art which remain with us longest and which, in the end, stir us most deeply.

Yet even in his tenderest works, Mr. Steer never loses the essential forms. Compare the formal definition of his "Study for 'The Music Room,'" with, for example, Sargent. Mr. Steer, for all his delight in paint, in the lovely marks on the surface of the canvas, never forgets that those marks must clearly convey the forms which he wishes to bring before us; for all his delight in the texture of one part which he is rendering, he never forgets that it is a part, and that a work of art must be a harmony of parts, one thing in itself; for all his delight in the play of light and shade, he never forgets that light and shade are really only of interest in so far as they define form. Compare this, I say, with Sargent: a few jolly and clever splodges of paint, a keen, almost photographically accurate eye for light and shade variations, and under that, nothing. Forms run into one another in hopeless absence of relationship. Sargent only saw mechanically; he did not see imaginatively. Mr. Steer always sees imaginatively. His vision, though "true" in the popular sense of the word, is also "true" in the deeper sense: it is a vision enriched, enlarged and exalted to artistic realization.

Mr. Sickert is the artist of humanity, and he sees it with the same double vision as that with which Mr. Steer sees the fields and the skies. He renders the shabby accidents of Camden Town, but he renders, too, the universal shapes and feelings of human beings. He paints the manners of his day, but his creatures are of all time. Mr. Sickert, in fact, like Mr. Steer, has the universal qualities which alone make great art.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—65

SET BY GERALD BARRY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation into English, in sonnet form, of the following:

LE BONHEUR DE CE MONDE

*Avoir une maison commode, propre et belle,
Un jardin tapissé d'espaliers odorans,
Des fruits, d'excellent vin, peu de train, peu d'enfants,
Posséder seul sans bruit une femme fidèle.*

*N'avoir dettes, amour, ni procès, ni querelle,
Ni de partage à faire avecque ses parens,
Se contenter de peu, n'espérer rien des Grands,
Régler tous ses desseins sur un juste modèle.*

*Vivre avecque franchise et sans ambition,
S'adonner sans scrupule à la dévotion,
Domter ses passions, les rendre obéissantes.*

*Conserver l'esprit libre, et le jugement fort,
Dire son Chapelet en cultivant ses entes,
C'est attendre chez soi bien doucement la mort.*

CHRISTOPHE PLANTIN

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a dissertation by Mr. Pooter ("author" of 'The Diary of a Nobody'), in not more than 350 words, on "Listening-In."

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 65a, or LITERARY 65a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Tuesday, June 7, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 63

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best original moral fable, in prose, not exceeding 500 words. The characters should be birds, beasts, or insects, as in *Æsop*; or inanimate things endowed with sensibility, as often in Hans Andersen.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best original Metaphysical Limerick: that is, a limerick expounding, defending, criticising or deriding a (more or less) metaphysical idea. The following comment on Bishop Berkeley's Idealism—not, by the way, a very intelligent comment—is perhaps the best-known example of this kind:

*There was a young man who said: "God
Must think it exceedingly odd
That that sycamore tree
Continues to be,
Though there's no one about in the quad."*

We have received the following report from Mr. Gerald Bullett, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. GERALD BULLETT

63A. The entries were very numerous, and most of them very poor. To invite sententiousness is evidently—as, indeed, one would expect—an exceedingly dangerous thing to do. Few competitors avoided the obvious pitfalls: laboriousness, facetiousness, triteness (and the greatest of these is triteness). A moral fable should be crisp and clear and brief; if it contain a spice of wit, so much the better. Expository preambles, sentimental asides, wordy descriptions, garrulous dialogue—these do not help us at all. Most of the fables were modelled on Andersen rather than on *Æsop*, but those authors were mistaken who supposed that I wanted a pastiche. C. H. P. (who is asked to send his name), nevertheless, deserves hearty applause for making his Streaky Carnation remark: "I look most distinguished. I think I shall probably be made into a button-hole, and go into Parliament." C. H. P.'s other entry I recommend for the First Prize. For the Second Prize I suggest Midlothian; and if there were a third it should go to G. A. Newall.

THE WINNING ENTRY

THE STORY OF TWO CANDLES

Once upon a time, in a shop near Westminster Cathedral, there lived two candles. They were not very big or grand, not even coloured. They looked exactly alike, but their natures were very different, for one was vain and proud, the other the most humble person in the world.

At Christmas time the shop became full of candles, all longing for someone to buy them that they might go forth and shine in the world. Every day some of them were tied up in brown paper and went off boasting of the Christmas trees they would light, and the grand parties that they would attend; but no one seemed to want white candles. The humble candle began to despair.

"Why am I white?" he said. "No one will ever buy me." And if he had not been so good he would have turned green with envy. His proud brother laughed at him:

"Why do you take any notice of those vulgar people?" he said, "Don't you know that we are church candles? I shall be burning on the altar on Christmas day. Of course, you are rather inferior, and must not expect so good a position, but I daresay I shall be able to smuggle you in somewhere."

This remark made the humble candle feel very cross; although he was so modest, he did not like being patronized.

Christmas eve came and still no one had bought them; even the vain candle was growing uneasy. At last, quite late in the evening, two boys came into the shop, each clasping a penny. They were so small that their noses only just reached to the edge of the counter, but they bought the two candles.

"Of course, I am worth far more than a penny," said the proud candle. "I must have been sold by mistake. How extremely annoying!"

The other did not speak; he was being held so tightly that he could scarcely breathe. The little boys took them into the Cathedral. In one of the side chapels lay the Christ Child in His manger, with the shepherds and the wise men adoring Him. In front of Him were rows of lighted candles. It was beautiful, more beautiful than a Christmas tree. The children pressed through the crowd until they were quite close to the manger. There the boy who held the proud candle lit him and set him up; but the other muttered something and walked away. The unlit candle wept. Was he to stay dark all his life? The boy wandered on until he came to a tablet with a long list of names on it. In front of this he lit his candle.

"Look at me!" shouted the proud candle, "I always knew I was superior! See! I am burning for the Christ Child. You only burn for a soldier."

His brother did not answer, only shone the brighter; but the proud candle went out quite suddenly.

Perhaps the Christ Child blew him out.

C. H. P.

SECOND PRIZE

THE LAMP

It stood on the scarred oak dresser in the kitchen, this old-fashioned paraffin lamp complete with extinguisher and heavy brass fittings. When the hard-working ploughman could no longer see to read the previous week's newspaper by the fire's glow, his wife would carefully put the lamp on the table and light it. It did not give a great flame at the best of times, but for all that the old lamp was not to be despised.

One winter evening when the good man was engrossed in his journal and his wife was busy mending, the lamp suddenly sprang to life.

The wick spoke out strongly: "I don't like this place and company at all," he said to the oil. "What right have you to be here? You are nasty and smelly and anything but refined. What good do you do?"

"I perform a useful work," replied the oil. "I lighten men's darkness."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the wick, "I give the light!"

"What's all this chattering about?" interrupted a tinkling voice as the glass globe made itself heard. "Why, everybody knows that I alone am responsible for the light!"

"Oh, are you?" said the wick, "We'll see about that!" And it refused to keep trim.

"Very well, then," said the glass globe. And it refused to keep clean.

In a few minutes the flame grew longer and sootier until at last there was no light at all. The poor oil groaned and its mutterings became less and less refined.

"Oh, the lamp's smoking," cried the old woman, as she hastily rose and extinguished the flame. "What a dirty state it is in!"

So she cleaned the glass globe until it shone and trimmed the wick with a pair of scissors. Then she poured out the oil and refilled with a fresh supply. She polished up the dingy brass fittings and lit the lamp once more.

"What a lovely light," said her husband, as the clear flame lit up the little kitchen.

"They never say 'What a lovely wick,'" grumbled the wick.

"Or, 'What lovely oil,'" said the oil.

"Or, 'What a lovely globe,'" said the glass globe.

"Of course not!" The lamp itself spoke. "Why should they? I'm sure we don't want praise so long as they praise our work. What could we do without each other? Nothing. I couldn't do anything without your help. The oil would just blaze away if it tried to light the place on its own; the wick would be burned up in a second and the globe would have nothing to reflect. Let us all work together, therefore, in future; and we shall all be content."

CHARLES J. GRAY

63B. The limericks submitted were even more numerous than the fables, and considerably more amusing. They range from simple fooling, like J. F. P. T.'s 'Faith-Healing':

A cross-channel pilgrim from Lourdes
Cried, "Bring me a basin, please, steward!
This cannot be hindered
When ships go to wind'ard—
But turn 'em to Lourdes and I'm cured!"

(which cannot fail to evoke appreciative groans), and P. R. Laird's 'On Hobbes':

There once was a chap who said, "See,
Only matter can thoroughly be;
We are nothing but blobs . . ."
Well, I ask you, dear Hobbes,
How can you account for J.B.?

and T. S. H.'s 'Transmigration':

There was a young statesman whose brain
Reverted again and again
To the terrible dread
That when he was dead
He'd be a brown bear on a chain.

—they range from this simple fooling to complex fooling, such as Non Omnia's:

There was a young man sniffed a rose,
And declared, "I perceive, with my nose,
Universal relations
In concatenations,
Totality, minus the rose."

All these—and, to be frank, many more—deserve mention; and I have had the greatest difficulty in deciding, or plausibly pretending to decide, to whom the prizes should go.

One might have gone to E. J. Bolus for this:

There was once a philosopher, Hume,
Whose mind lay enveloped in gloom;
He declined to connect
Any cause and effect;
That's the reason he lies in the tomb.

And Helen and T. E. Casson were also in the final:

Since I read William James with devotion
I find that I haven't a notion
If the spasms I feel
Arise from a meal
Or are signs of the tender emotion.

and

In the days of my youth F. H. Bradley
Walked round in the Garden so sadly
That I put on my boots
And my oldest of suits
And I went for Appearance to Radley.

The difficulty was to find a limerick that was at once witty and serious. Even G. Rostrevor Hamilton, who is recommended for Second Prize, relies too much, in all his five entries, on a merely verbal ingenuity. H. C. M. wins First Prize.

THE WINNING ENTRY

A philosophy student, whose hat
Had been crushed by a motor-car flat,
Said "I'm wondering what'll
Our old Aristotle
Regard as the *αἶδος* of that."

H. C. M.

SECOND PRIZE

There was a young man who said "Why
Must you always affirm or deny?
It may be that ewe
Is a ewe, Sir, to you,
But I may not see eye to eye."

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

BACK NUMBERS—XXV

A DISTINGUISHED living essayist and editor, who must now blush at the recollection, once described John Clare as a writer who was to have been an English Burns but succeeded only in becoming a better Bloomfield. Now Bloomfield was not a poet at all, merely a yokel trying to be elegant about bucolic subjects; and Clare, who had nothing in common with Burns, was a poet with an almost infallible instinct. But the absurdity of bracketing Bloomfield and Clare together being dismissed, there remains that other absurdity of regarding Clare, with his system of nerves, as a peasant poet. He has given us, to be sure, with a minute and beautiful fidelity, the countryside, and without that selection which most poets of nature have practised, coming to his finest things much as little children come to twelve times, by saying over all that comes before, not caring to discriminate between the friendly flowers and birds and insects. But for all that, it is not as a peasant that he apprehends the fields and lanes: they matter far more to him than to the typical peasant.

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* *

If anyone has seen rural life in England as ploughmen and dairymaids see it, that man is William Barnes. It is astonishing that he should have done so, for Barnes, conquering early disadvantages, acquired an immense and eccentric learning, had a large number of philological theories, and constructed a grammar of the Dorset dialect in which comparisons were instituted between it and, if I remember rightly, no less than sixty languages. A man who comes to the writing of dialect verse with all that learned lumber in his head might be expected to produce verse ingeniously illustrative of his theories about the dialect; he would hardly be expected to produce simple, natural things, springing directly out of experience. Yet the sixty languages never hampered Barnes as a poet. The grammarian was an artist.

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An artist not least in his wise renunciation of subjects which the country offered him but which were beyond his scope as a poet. Reviewing appreciatively his second volume, published in 1859, the SATURDAY remarked that its characters contained not a pauper or a poacher, a seducer or an oppressive landlord. Barnes declined to deal in melodrama, even in tragedy of any exceptional kind. The labour of the fields, the mild merry-making, the courting of ordinary lads and girls, bereavements brought about by no unusual catastrophe, these sufficed him. His sentiment was very rarely other than the obvious sentiment of the situation.

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* *

Just there, in the obviousness of his sentiment, is the difference between him and another humbly born and realistic poet, a poet of the factory, not of the fields. William Thom, who has never yet had justice, appears superficially to be just another of those Scotch minor poets of the people, with the Scotch feeling for a lilt, but there are all manner of queer, ironic twists of emotion under the surface of a poet who, being asked what occupied his mind coming home from his wife's funeral, replied, "A trifle of sad thinking." There is no trifle of sad thinking in the most pathetic and beautiful of all the poems of Barnes, 'The Wife A-Lost.' I can conceive of Thom as echoing Swift's "Only a woman's hair"; Barnes would have cried, "My woman's hair."

Without that sort of distinction, and a sense of irony makes its possessor at once an aristocrat, Barnes has the completest truth to the normal sentiment of a healthy peasantry. I have not been looking into his poems, the most of which I confess I have not read for some years, but I am confident there could not be found a single one in which the sentiment is distorted either by realism or idyllic illusion. His admirably observed people make love with a wholesome glow, without fever; they revel with heartiness, relieved by the coyness of a girl here and there, unoppressed by any thought of the brevity of the "live-long minute"; they mourn tenderly and gravely, remembering loss neither longer nor more briefly than people in contact with natural things would. Neither the heights nor the depths are attempted, but on his own level he seems incapable of error.

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In using that expressive dialect of Dorset, still pretty general when I was a boy in that county, but now, I am told, hardly to be heard in its purity, Barnes made only one error. His efforts to convey the sound of it by his spelling resulted occasionally in such nonsense, disconcerting to the eye, as "Zadderdaes," when z for s and d for t would have sufficed to tell the reader how "Saturday" sounds in Dorset. The golden rule for writers of dialect verse is that the reader must not be needlessly pulled up and made to concentrate attention on a word which does not intellectually or emotionally deserve it. Now and then Barnes forgot that.

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It was perhaps excusable that, a pioneer where Dorset was concerned, he should have made too much of a mystery of the dialect. Whatever it may be for the grammarian, for the writer with an artistic purpose it is simple enough. The separation of diphthongs into their constituent vowels, the prefix *a*, the suffix *en* to adjectives, and the use of a small number of local terms will suffice to create the desired illusion. Barnes, however, went at times a good deal further, gaining doubtless more honour with enthusiasts for the dialect, but putting off the weaker among his wider public.

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Of metrical form Barnes was a master, not choosing as a rule to exhibit virtuosity, but capable of carrying off very difficult things. For the most part he liked to write a kind of verse that goes pleasantly on and on, with the happy monotony of a stream in his county:

An' there a-vell'd 'ithin the copse,
Below the timber's new-leav'd tops,
Wer ashen poles, a-casten straight
On primrose beds their langthy waight,
Below the yollor light a-shed
Droo boughs upon the vi'let's head. . . .

That, no doubt, is not the music of:

But he can watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom.

But it is charming, and if it seems unlikely to stop, why should it stop? The little world of William Barnes is one in which a few things recur, but then, it is so that the seasons bring back, year after year, the same things to the places of which he wrote. Nature also has her routine, and these limited lives do but conform to her.

STET.

REVIEWS

HOGG

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Ettrick Shepherd. By Edith C. Batho.
Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THIS book was first written as a thesis for the M.A. degree of the University of London and in that form received the Rose Mary Crawshay Prize of the British Academy. Since then it has been revised and enlarged and is now published with the assistance of a grant from the Publications Board of London University. I quote these facts from the preface in order to show that it has not been hastily written or printed. This being so, I do not know why Miss Batho leaves in it such a sentence as: "In 1795 he began a comedy in five acts, 'The Scotch Gentleman,' which he only abandoned with reluctance in 1801." The correct placing of the adverb is, perhaps, not to be required from the makers of English literature: we should not reprove Hogg himself for a like mistake. Nor must we look with too severe an eye on the critic (such as myself) who writes currently and sometimes in haste. But what excuse has Miss Batho, who has had five years, at least, to brood over this little essay? A poet may dispense with an accurate knowledge of English: the poet's critic cannot without displaying a certain degree of presumption. It brings discredit on academic criticism, and Miss Batho's masters and advisers should have castigated the fault.

Her essay, none the less, is a good one, as such essays go. "Delightful as Hogg is at his best," she says, "both in life and in literature, he hardly deserves to have his life fully written or his work fully edited." This is true, and he receives here as much space as he deserves, though Miss Batho rather alarmingly adds: "But anyone who wishes to undertake either task will, I hope, find the Bibliography and List of Authorities appended to this study useful." So hope not I: if there is anyone, in the University of Kansas or the University of Göttingen, who wishes to undertake either task, nothing better could happen than that he should attempt to find his own way through the jungle and leave his bones there.

But Hogg was an interesting character, and not a bad poet, and belonged to an interesting period. His success owed something to the previous success of Burns. Burns was the "ploughman poet": it appeared not improbable to many, including Hogg himself, that a "shepherd poet" might make a good successor. He really was a shepherd (or, at times, a cow-herd), and he has left us charming pictures of those early days. Miss Batho quotes one of them:

That summer, when only eight years of age, I was sent out to a height called Broad-heads with a rosy-cheeked maiden to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But, as she had no dog and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel-sike head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, "Poor little laddie! he's juist tired to death," and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he, I would know well what to do.

Much later, when he was entering the thirties and thinking of being a great poet, he was still a shepherd and he describes how, "having attended the Edinburgh market one Monday, with a number of sheep for sale, and being unable to dispose of them

all, I put the remainder into a park until the market on Wednesday" and, in the interval thus secured, arranged for the publication of his first volume, 'Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs, etc.,' which volume may still be seen in the British Museum, bound up with a guide to Birmingham.

The precise circumstances of his early rise are not very clear. No doubt the example of Burns was helpful to him and encouraging to possible patrons. But he was fortunate above all in being a Scot. Small countries are proud and neighbourly, and neighbourly pride does more than anything else in the world to provide careers really open to the talents. It used to be a regular event for the village schoolmaster to lead some red-eared, gangling child of promise to the factor of the local magnate and say firmly, "What is his lordship going to do for this one?" Until comparatively recent times, his lordship was usually able to arrange some post in the Civil Service. But there was other assistance to be given, and the desire to give it was widely spread. Scott not only helped Hogg, but also put up with a great deal from him. On one occasion Hogg wrote to Scott a letter beginning "Damned Sir," and subscribed himself "yours with disgust," but a little later, Scott, learning that Hogg was ill, undertook the expenses of the illness, and he never withdrew his friendship.

There was, however, a great difference between Burns and Hogg. The encouragement which was given to Burns may have done him much harm in many ways, but it ripened him into a man of the world: he remained a ploughman for poetical purposes only. Hogg was never a man of the world, he remained a villager to the end of his days, in spite of the different circles in which he moved. He reveals himself when he naïvely tells us of how he wrote a congratulatory letter on Byron's marriage: "I wished she might prove both a good mill and a bank to him; but I much doubted they would not be such as he was calculating on. I think he felt that I was using too much freedom with him." The story of his relations with Wordsworth is a perfect comedy of the sort that can arise only from two characters neither of whom is fully alive to the feelings of other men. Hogg was staying at Rydal Mount and there was a sort of aurora borealis:

Miss Wordsworth's arm was in mine, and she was expressing some fears that the splendid stranger might prove ominous, when I, by ill luck, blundered out the following remark, thinking that I was saying a good thing: "Hout, me'm! it is neither mair nor less than joost a treemphal airch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets." . . . Wordsworth, who had De Quincey's arm, gave a grunt, and turned on his heel, and leading the little opium chewer aside, he addressed him in these disdainful and venomous words: "Poets? Poets? What does the fellow mean? Where are they?" Who could forgive this? For my part I never can, and never will!

Hogg revenged himself by elaborate, and sometimes amusing, parodies of Wordsworth. But on one occasion Hogg was walking with Wordsworth near Rydal and, being pressed to inspect one more mountain tarn, exclaimed, "I dinna want to see ony mair dubs. Let's step into the public and hev a wee drap o' whusky, and then we'll hame." Wordsworth did not, so far as is known, write in revenge any parodies of Hogg. He did write, when Hogg died:

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

I think we may fairly agree with the judgment given by Miss Batho that "Wordsworth does not come badly out of his intercourse with the shepherd." For the shepherd, after all, was a boor, who wrote one good poem, 'Kilmeny,' which is well known, and one good book, 'The Confessions of a Justified Sinner,' which is not as well known as it should be, but who had no reason to think as highly of himself as he did.

MINOR POETS

The Cambridge Book of Lesser Poets. Compiled by J. C. Squire. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

WHATEVER may be urged against anthologies which, in the endeavour to supersede 'The Golden Treasury' and 'The Oxford Book of English Verse,' very largely reproduce the contents of those volumes, there is still room for a collection which shall thoroughly supplement Palgrave and Quiller-Couch. We regret that Mr. Squire's is not in fact such a collection. It has indeed many of the merits we expect in any work edited by him; it gives evidence of wide reading, of wide sympathies, of familiarity with recent discoveries in the less hopeful fields of English literature; but Mr. Squire has both included a good deal that scarcely deserves to be called poetry and bowed too often to conventional prejudices in regard to the work of certain genuine poets.

To give instances of the latter defect, we will cite his dealings with Lockhart and Leigh Hunt. In a book so large it would have been proper to give both the short pieces by which Lockhart lives, 'When Youthful Faith Hath Fled' and 'The Wandering Knight's Song'; having included no fewer than three pieces by so poor a writer as Mrs. Hemans, he should have spared more than half a page to Lockhart. But if it was necessary to choose between Lockhart's two pieces, he should not have hesitated an instant in pronouncing in favour of 'The Wandering Knight's Song,' a magical thing, informed with a passionate patience. There is essential poetry; the consolatory poem, weakened by several commonplace phrases, has only one poignancy, in the sudden twist of the thought:

Be constant to the dead—
The dead cannot deceive,

and that might have been conveyed to us in prose. And then, as regards the insecure genius of Leigh Hunt, surely Mr. Squire should have seen that the happy epigram, 'Jenny,' by which Leigh Hunt is represented in his pages, is both slighter and less characteristic than those strange linked sonnets, 'The Man, the Fish and the Spirit,' in which a really poetical fooling rises suddenly to a profoundly imaginative apprehension of the life of the watery world, in the quite miraculous description of the movement of fishes "quickened with touches of transporting fear." Or, to look back further, whatever was it, a prudery foreign to him or failure to recognize poetry, that induced Mr. Squire, who gives two other pieces by William Cartwright, to exclude the 'Song of Dalliance,' in which the metrical art so wonderfully expresses the resolute sensuality of its mood?

Of writers altogether omitted we will say very little, after the modesty of Mr. Squire's prefatory explanation. But do not Barnabe Barnes and Bartholomew Griffin, each by virtue of a lovely sonnet, possess claims far more worth heeding than those of the eighteenth-century poetasters to whom Mr. Squire is kind? The rediscovery of the eighteenth century, or, rather, the discovery that, overshadowed by its greater men, there were smaller writers with a genuine lyrical note, a real if restricted feeling for nature, is among the happier literary events of our time. But the promotion of every ingenious worker in paste during that age to a place among English poets is an extravagance to which so sane a critic as Mr. Squire should not lend his support. Is Samuel Bishop's mere neatness in:

If she's a fool, she'll wed the knave,
If she's a knave, the fool,

enough to make him even a minor poet? Is Lady Dorothea Dubois anything more than a writer of mediocre album verse? Are there among the unfamiliar eighteenth-century pieces given us by Mr. Squire

more than five or six which would bear an instant's comparison with the trifling of Herrick, of Marvel, of Rochester, of Austin Dobson, of any genuine poet?

But let us acknowledge with gratitude that Mr. Squire has been liberal towards two poets seldom well treated in anthologies, Breton and Clare; that he has had the courage to proclaim the beauty of that 'Invocation to Silence' which gleams alone among the rubbish of Richard Flecknoe; that his selections from poets of the latter half of the nineteenth century, though he does include that Kirke White the Second, David Gray, are on the whole very judicious. We have been obliged to write of his anthology with some asperity; let us end by saying that it will certainly introduce a good many of its readers to things unknown and worth knowing.

IN PRAISE OF EURIPIDES

Euripides the Idealist. By R. B. Appleton. Dent. 6s.

WE have taken our words for modern drama from the Greek, but the curiously limited and highly specialized form of the Greek play is always difficult for a modern mind to grasp. Here to the true observer is not the statuesque calm which the ignorant critic or reporter affirms in a few stock phrases, but the vigorous mind of a poet working with a play of thought and character across a world of masks. Among the three tragedians of Athens, Sophocles, with his lovely serenity of thought and faultless security of style, stands apart. After him Euripides, less of an artist, the free thinker, takes up the note of agnosticism Æschylus had sounded, and shows his characters in the famous phrase not as they ought to be, or ought to be represented, but as they are. He delves deep into the recesses of humanity, too careless sometimes, it may be, of the pomp of circumstance tradition imposed on the festival of Dionysus, and too honest a critic of contemporary thought to win popular applause often. But this intensely human Euripides remains for us to-day the inquirer into problems that touch us nearly, the rightness of war, the claims of the two sexes, the defects of popular conceptions of religion. Hence it is that monographs go on explaining his drama. Mr. Appleton's book is a keen and just tribute to the thinker whom Aristophanes accused of lowering the dignity of tragedy by

Presenting common, things with which we live
And which we use.

Some common things, as Scott finely pointed out in rebuking his daughter for her use of the word "vulgar," are the greatest in the world, and poor people can produce higher sentiments than splendidly cultivated minds. Here the reader will find a vindication of the commonness of Euripides, his notice of everyday life and rustic hardihood as well as his penetrating views of morals and his idealism of women, since he had no "violent hatred of the sex, the weakness of which he took every opportunity of exposing." That is a typical quotation we take from the earlier nineteenth century. The debt due to Verall for introducing a juster appreciation of Euripides should never be forgotten, but he overstressed one side of the thinker's genius, his insistence that

An honest god's the noblest work of man.

The use of the *deus ex machina* is the centre of discussion on this topic, and Mr. Appleton's comments on it are well worth attention. He explains that Horace's view in the 'Ars poetica' is unsatisfactory, though we note that it can be found further back in Plato. The god from the machine in Euripides is not primarily an untier of knots otherwise insoluble. He is rather the instiller of that "calm of mind" which

it was the function of tragedy to beget, after the jar of conflicting wills and duties. Our modern sensationalism has no time for such a resolution of drama, though it was nobly shown by Milton in 'Samson Agonistes.'

On Greek religion conclusions must be tentative, and the 'Bacchæ,' the masterpiece of Euripides in his old age, is a document of the first importance, the purport of which has puzzled many. Here, it seems to us, the dramatist, passing beyond the obvious crime of *hubris*, has shown both the good and the bad side of a tremendous power, and old age, as Mr. Appleton well suggests, brought with it diffidence in judgment. But there is no *volte-face* in belief. The play reveals the essential spirit of Euripides in affirming the close relationship of the human with the divine nature. The 'Hercules Furens,' also examined in some detail as one of his latest views on religion, is more agnostic, finds that the gods have set no certain boundary betwixt good and evil, and glorifies human friendship. Mr. Appleton notes the difficulty of disengaging the actual thoughts and preferences of Euripides from the plays. In the 'Hercules Furens,' if anywhere, we can find a chorus which is personal rather than dramatic, the "swan song" of the old poet. Still resolved to link the Muses and the Graces in fairest union, he celebrates bygone memories, abhors age, adores youth. No dramatist, as the author tells us, has produced such a gallery of children, and none, we think, has painted young men with such delicate and discerning touches. He did not forget beauty, like some of his followers in pathological drama.

The book, supported throughout with apt quotation, is a defence which ignores some weak points, but there can be no objection to that in an age more given to derision than appreciation. On one detail Mr. Appleton is misinformed, or so brief as to be obscure. He says that sentimentalism is "a modern development of Romanticism." Its origin is otherwise. It is a curious reaction that in its beginnings came out of that least romantic of epochs, the eighteenth century.

THE MAYAS AGAIN

Silver Cities of Yucatan. By Gregory Mason. Putnam. 15s.

ONE of the disadvantages of having about half our travel-books written for us by Americans is that the authors are inclined to lay an excited emphasis upon subjects which this sleepy old Continent has long ago inquired into and set aside. Atlantis, for instance—it will seem waste of time to most of Mr. Gregory Mason's English readers that a writer of such ability should devote a large part of his first chapter to a topic like this, without apparently perceiving that the only practical question at issue is whether or not the Mayas, Incas and Aztecs had better means of communications with India and the Far East than we are aware of. The creatures like elephants which they carved upon their buildings may or may not have been macaws. Mr. Mason thinks they were; but opinions differ. It is a point worth discussing, because there is some evidence to base the discussion upon.

But Atlantis is another matter, one which might surely now be left to the cranks, along with Joanna Southcott's box, and the Baconian theory, and ectoplasms, and all the rest of the familiar paraphernalia. Mr. Mason even goes out of his way to argue with an ingenious little group of "advanced" thinkers who have made the inevitable discovery that the Mayas are one of the Lost Ten Tribes. One can understand, of course, that, as an American citizen, he is naturally interested in the origin of these "first Americans," as he calls them; is anxious to claim

for them a more respectable ambiguity than any of their remains suggest (their culture was probably roughly contemporary with the rise and fall of the Byzantine Empire); and would even like, if he could, to make a human figure out of King Quetzalcoatl. But he cannot expect British readers to share these enthusiasms to the full. We are interested in the Mayas; we are even "doing our bit" in digging them up; one of the reasons why Mr. Mason's party had to travel at such break-neck speed along the Yucatan coast was that they were racing a British archaeological explorer—Dr. Gann, of Lubaantun fame. But when it comes to comparing these devil-worshipping, human-sacrificing pyramid-builders with the Greeks of Pericles' "time" (as one of Mr. Mason's colleagues does) we can only throw up our hands!

There is, however, one outstanding advantage in American travel-books, and that is that they are never dull. Mr. Mason evidently decided that his public would not want to be bothered with architectural notes; so he dismisses each ancient building with a brief general description, and leaves us to glean what detailed information we can from the many excellent photographs with which his book is illustrated. Mayan architecture has many impressive qualities. Its typical, heavy-looking *castillo*, planted upon a rising mound of stone and earth, does produce that effect which Mr. Mason summarizes in the exclamation, "What a satisfactory mass!" In regard to technical achievement, of course, it cannot be compared with Egypt. But the really exciting thing about it is that most of it still remains to be discovered. Mr. Mason's party were only on the Yucatan coast a few weeks, but in that time they found what they believe to be the remains of no less than seven unknown cities, as well as many lesser sites. One of these—Okop—is apparently the highest known Mayan building. Many of these ruins have been *seen* before, of course; the whole coast is studded with them; but, as Mr. Mason argues, they are not *discovered* until they have been named and placed upon the map. An ornithologist, who accompanied the party, shot four new species of birds within the first week. It was, from every point of view, an adventurous journey, for the coast is dangerous to sailors and the natives are none too friendly.

Excavation being prohibited by the Mexican Government, the party could do no more than clear away enough trees and shrubs to get their photographs. Mr. Mason's book is therefore a story of travel and adventure, rather than an archaeological record. He tells it with a gay and infectious enthusiasm, which fires our curiosity and leaves us looking eagerly forward to his account of the further and more detailed explorations which he hopes to make. Perhaps he will leave out Atlantis and the Lost Ten Tribes when he has something more definite to say.

DEMOCRATIC IDEAS

English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century. By G. P. Gooch. With supplementary notes and appendices by Professor H. J. Laski. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

IT is exactly thirty years since the essay out of which this book grew obtained a university prize. Expanded and recast a year later, it has remained by far the most penetrating study of its subject in the language, and it has long been out of print. Very cordial thanks are therefore due to the author for reprinting and to Professor Laski for annotating a work which shows no signs of being superseded. Its subject has a permanent interest, but its immediate appeal has, if anything, grown with the passage of time. The ideas which have shaped the history of the

world in the last two centuries were, in their modern form, chiefly the discovery of the seventeenth-century political thinkers here discussed. The American, the French and even the Russian Revolution, if we reckon the genealogy of the ideas of Marx, are the fruit of seventeenth-century theories.

A special interest attaches to the influence of English political ideas outside England, particularly in France and in America, for the seventeenth century is the time when, as the most learned of the Whig historians has put it, the Englishman leads the world. In America the interest is practical as well as theoretic. Some of the constitutions inspired by the ideas of the interregnum lasted well into the nineteenth century. Algernon Sydney, Locke and Harrington were the most venerated names. The last was said by President Adams to have made the greatest discovery since that of the circulation of the blood, by his doctrine that political power is determined by the distribution of landed property. From the point of view of later developments it was of course Locke who was far the most important. The philosopher of the English Revolution was not only frequently appealed to by the leaders in the American Revolution. He is also the thinker from whom Rousseau's ideas directly descend. As one of the earliest exponents of the labour theory of value he is one of the founders of English Socialism, and the man to whom, after Hegel, Marx was ultimately chiefly indebted.

Another seventeenth-century writer comes near to our own time. When in 1817 Robert Owen published his 'New View of Society,' he disclaimed originality. The ideas were borrowed, he explained, from John Bellers's 'College of Industry,' itself apparently closely resembling an earlier work by a Dutch author.

While it is a truism to assert that no political doctrine is novel, it is of extraordinary interest to trace the emergence of the chief modes of modern political thinking in the centuries succeeding the Reformation; still more to note the logic with which the challenge to religious authority by Luther is followed by others, first in religion, then in politics and religion combined, until at last, chiefly by reason of the force of the religious motive behind, what at first sight appear to be new ideas predominate, many of which, however, are very familiar to students not only of antiquity but of the Middle Ages.

THE WORDSWORTHS

Dorothy and William Wordsworth. By C. M. Maclean. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

THE best of these essays are a just and charming tribute to that sister to whom the poet owed so heavy a debt. Miss Maclean has come to believe the oldest tradition that the Lucy poems were inspired by Dorothy. To-day we cannot be sure, any more than we can about the Margaret whose influence moved Arnold to some of his tenderest verse. But we may hope that it was so, since the brother, deeply interested in his own work, did not always appreciate the grace and beauty of the sister's prose, a much steadier flame than his own intermittent gift. Always she wrote well, while he had a way of forcing his Muse to indifferent results. Often, it is true, she supplied direct inspiration for his verse, and he was capable of dimming her radiance. He was even vexed over the business of paraphrase:

Sometimes he could not get away from her perfection of phrase. He was faced with the problem of downright plagiarism, or with the necessity of making use of words less true. We know very well what has happened to William when we read: "After tea I read to William that account of the little boy belonging to the tall woman, and an unlucky thing it was, for he could not escape from those very words, and so he could not write the poem. He left it unfinished and went tired to bed."

Dorothy could not share all his poetical inspiration, missing the deepest mysticism, but she had a humour he could not boast to add to her delicacy of thought and feeling. She could be gay like a child and hit off in their Scottish tour inns and landladies, as Miss Maclean says, with something of Fielding's spirit. Her passionate immolation of service to her William was wonderful, both for him and her, but we can only guess about her deepest longings. Perhaps she loved Coleridge, and union with that wayward spirit would have been a sadly chequered happiness.

"Wordsworth put himself first, for his nature was egotistical, just as Dorothy put herself last, because her nature was selfless." That is the truth, yet in an essay entitled 'Vulgar Errors' we read that the charge of immoderate egoism is dispelled by a study of the poet's letters and the letters of those who lived with him. His absorption in his writing and conviction of its perpetual interest for others are regarded as the main points against him, not the record of any selfish action of which he was guilty to friends or any of his family. He helped others in times of stress: could he help himself? Whittier wrote on a blank page of Wordsworth's memoirs in praise of a life:

As sweet and pure, as calm and good,
As a long day of blandest June
In green field and in wood.

This is pure idealism, and here the *advocatus diaboli* steps in with a grave charge not considered in these essays. Dependent as he was on the stimulus of human companionship, how could Wordsworth keep his daughter for years at home and deny her her desire for an everyway suitable marriage? This is a sad blot on his conduct; this is no selfishness "begotten of the very excess of love," but the common tale of victimization which makes many artists viewed in the light of common day into despicable men. "Nothing flourishes by the side of a great work," said Goethe, and recognizing Wordsworth's achievement, we must add that his hard face was the index of a hard man. Miss Maclean admits as much, but does not notice the sacrifices this hardness imposed on others. The chapter on 'Wordsworth's Theory of Poetic Diction' is good so far as it goes, and points out that his own statements were somewhat lacking in lucidity.

REPARATIONS

The History of Reparations. By Carl Bergmann. With an Introduction by Sir Josiah Stamp. Benn. 21s.

THE fact that the Reparations Question has already become subject for the historian is a happy augury for the future welfare of Europe. For too long this has been a festering sore in the body politic, poisoning and irritating the whole system, and until it healed no restoration to normal health was to be anticipated. Now, however, when the Dawes Plan has set the healing process thoroughly in motion, the moment has come to write up the clinical history of one of the most dangerous as it was also one of the most complicated illnesses from which the world has had the misfortune to suffer.

No one is better qualified to narrate the history of the case than is Herr Carl Bergmann. "It seemed to me," he writes, "that I should undertake this task because, first, as representative of the German Government with the Reparation Commission, and later on as confidential adviser during the negotiations with the Allied Governments, the Reparation Commission, and the Committee of Experts, I have been in a position to follow closely the development of reparation matters from the beginning to the end." Unhappily, as Herr Bergmann is well aware, in the

past this strictly economic question "has been so deeply drawn into the political controversies of the former belligerents, and has been so distorted in public discussion, that almost all publications of this character have been accused of partizanship. I have been guided by the thought that any presentation of the history of reparation will be helpful in the final solution of the problem only if it abstains from serving any political end and treats the matter without prejudice or partiality. What is needed is to find the truth and to tell the truth."

It may at once be said that Herr Bergmann has been successful to an extraordinary degree in achieving his aim. His book is packed with facts, and these facts are ordered and commented upon with great lucidity and impartiality. Obviously, in a history written so soon after the event, it would be too much to expect that everyone should agree with the opinions therein expressed. Although, for example, his account of the French point of view is always scrupulously fair, Herr Bergmann cannot have the same inner knowledge in this matter that is possessed by M. Seydoux, or even M. Poincaré. Now that Herr Bergmann, for Germany, has led the way with this brilliant narrative, what is required is that similar histories should be written from the French and British standpoints respectively. When that has been done the ground will have been prepared for an economic historian to come forward and write the final and authoritative history of the Reparations Question.

A DICTATRESS OF SPAIN

The Princess des Ursins. By Maud Cruttwell. Dent. 8s. 6d.

IF history is to maintain its present bid for popularity with the general reader, it is, no doubt, desirable that historians should take sides. At any rate, there seems to be no other explanation of the enormous circulation enjoyed by such prosperous authors of a bygone age as Froude and Lingard. And if the work in hand be a "life," it is but human nature to side with the hero, or heroine—or whoever plays the "name part"—against all comers.

Yet the impartial reader may well find it difficult to conceal from himself the patent fact that the Princess des Ursins, enemy of England and dictatress of Spain during those vital years between the accession and death of our own Queen Anne, was, for all her personal charm, an exceedingly formidable and overbearing old woman. He will admire with Miss Cruttwell the aplomb with which the Princess made her bow upon the international stage, at the age of fifty-eight, and immediately took the Spanish Court in hand, as though to the manner born; he will admire her statesmanship, her courage in adversity. But he will recognize that she was conspicuous for her ingratitude in an ungrateful age, insolent to those about her, and never hesitated to launch the vilest accusations against anyone who ventured to stand in her way. "This filthy prince" is her description of an opponent in a law-suit; and her language in general is not only violent but often coarse. The fact that by her almost unaided efforts she saved the Spanish Monarchy from extinction may be a sufficient justification in the eyes of a modern biographer; but to her contemporaries, who were only dimly aware of what she was trying to do, the beauty of her statesmanship may often have been less obvious than the brutality of her methods. It is difficult not to sympathize with opponents like Louville and d'Estrees, or even with the treacherous Spanish king, who betrayed her only because he lacked the courage to defy her to her face.

Yet it would be absurd to deny that we have here one of the very ablest women in history. Miss Crutt-

well's book consists very largely of reprinted documents and letters, but it is none the less eloquent on that account. It is the first adequate life of the Princess written in English, and it brings out forcibly the magnitude of her achievements. The secret of her personal charm is more difficult to convey; but there is no denying its existence. A little more and she might have supplanted the Maintenon herself. That would have been a victory more resounding than any she won in Spain.

OUR HUMORISTS

Humour of To-Day. Selected by F. H. Pritchard. Harrap. 3s. 6d.

What a Scream. By William Caine and H. M. Bateman. Allan. 7s. 6d.

THERE is nothing that modern man more ardently desires than an occasional "good laugh." It is one of the few remaining reasons why he visits the theatre. For the theatre, not content with cracking the occasional joke, as any journalist can do, will sometimes produce "situations" which have a steadily cumulative effect upon the risible faculties, until there is eventually created that gasping and purple condition of semi-apoplexy, which we call "a good laugh"—or, as the late Mr. William Caine would have put it, a "scream." It may hurt at the time, but we know that it is physically good for us. And there is a large fortune waiting for the first humorous writer who can revive this kind of medicine in literature.

The present generation appear to be satisfied with the chuckle or the short laugh. In Mr. Caine's own book, for instance, there is not a single "scream," properly so-called. He is always lively and amusing, but the longest laughs are not his own but Mr. Bateman's. Mr. Leacock, of course, is in the right tradition, but he does not always pull it off. Mr. A. P. Herbert comes very near it indeed, in his delightful 'On with the Dance,' though the subject is getting a little "dated." To get the full humour out of Mr. W. W. Jacobs or "George A. Birmingham," it is necessary to read not one chapter, but a whole book. Of all Mr. Pritchard's authors, the one who comes nearest to convulsing us, in the good old-fashioned way, is Mr. Jerome, in his immortal story of how Harris lost his wife off the back of a tandem bicycle—alas, how many years ago!

For the rest, Mr. E. V. Knox and Mr. Wodehouse are indifferently represented here, while Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett should not have been included at all. Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis is the brilliant leader of a typical modern school. He jumps from subject to subject. He lies in ambush for us, and surprises us at every turn. No one is cleverer at jerking out of us that sudden loud laugh; no one sends us away in a better humour. But he seldom attempts any cumulative effect. In fact, the general impression produced by Mr. Pritchard's very pleasant little book is that while there is still plenty of nonsense and plenty of wit, there is less raw humour and there are fewer first-class low comedians among our writers, than there used to be thirty years ago. In light comedy we excel, but it probably takes a more serious age than ours to produce the best farce.

ASIA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

The Light of Experience. By Sir Francis Young-husband. Constable, 15s.

THE Younghusbands are a distinguished Anglo-Indian family with a tradition for notable service on the frontiers of the Indian Empire. Sir Francis

Younghusband knows Kashmir, Chitral, Hunza well; he has travelled across the waterless deserts of Central Asia and camped in its oases, where "peaches, grapes and melons abound"; he has visited Tibet and Manchuria and studied their political conditions as they bear on that perplexing problem, the future of Asia, never more perplexing than to-day. "Russia was always more of an Asiatic than a European Power," he says, and instances are given of how, thirty to forty years ago, the Czar's agents would endeavour to use China against Britain in Asia. Russian interference in the Far East is not new although its direction and methods may have changed. Sir Francis was astonished "at finding, in Manchuria, an arsenal managed entirely by Chinese which turned out guns, rifles and machine-guns." And that was in 1886—forty years ago. And forty years ago

No one could be long in Peking without noticing—and resenting—a feeling of contempt which the Chinese bore to all non-Chinese. This feeling was ingrained in them. There was not in the Chinese the hot fanatical hatred of the Mahomedan frontier tribesmen for the heretical British, but there was a cold intellectual contempt capable of biting nastily on occasion.

And so it is to-day.

Sir Francis met, in his time, many well-known men both in Asia and Africa. Lord Curzon was his particular friend. He formed a sincere friendship for him based on mutual respect, and between them existed that curious bond, that all who have travelled widely experience, which arises between two men who have unexpectedly enjoyed one or other's hospitality in the wild spaces of the earth. Cecil Rhodes he also knew. Obviously they had not much in common, but Sir Francis admits that Rhodes had "a tender and generous heart" and believed that "the work he did was work Providence meant him to do." When a subaltern Sir Francis ran up against Kipling and he alludes to the apparent wickedness of Simla as pictured in 'Under the Deodars.' Sir Francis would have been fairer had he mentioned how, in the preface of the original edition, R. K. specially mentioned that one must not judge of the state of a room from the corner into which all the dirt has been brushed.

A QUAKER SAINT

A Quaker Saint of Cornwall. By L. V. Hodgkin. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

IT has frequently been said that there are more saints in Cornwall than in heaven, and indeed the name of village after village in the west would seem to support the statement—St. Ives, St. Austell, St. Agnes, St. Ervan, St. Merryn, St. Eval, St. Enodoc, to mention only a few whose names spring to the mind without any effort at recollection. But these are the saintly lights of another age and of an older communion than Loveday Hambly, whose history Mrs. Hodgkin chronicles in her book, which reveals much patient and industrious research. Written, as is natural enough in the author of 'A Book of Quaker Saints' and 'The Fellowship of Silence,' from the point of view of a zealous Friend, it presents an attractive picture of a sincerely (if narrowly) religious woman, a good mistress, an affectionate friend, and one who "opened her house to the traveller."

She was born at Hengar, in the parishes of St. Tudy and St. Breward (the house had two carriage-drives, each leading to its respective parish church), one of eight children of an old Cornish family. She married rather late in life one William Hambly of Tregangeeves, near St. Austell, and was left a widow after twelve years. She lived on at Tregangeeves, "the house of the sheep," administering the farm and looking after her large household. In her intervals of leisure she received visits and spiritual exhortations from the various independent ministers of the neighbouring parishes, "marvellously beloved"

by them, and "willing to hear them in their exercise, and then greatly to befriend them." Through the instrumentality of her nephew, Thomas Lower, and a man called Thomas Curtis, she was drawn towards the Quaker faith, and by a meeting with George Fox in his prison at Launceston, she "was convinced." She does not seem to have received much spiritual profit from the earlier ministrations of her independent pastors, for she afterwards described her first glimpse of Quakerism as "a spring in a dry ground."

Such were the facts of her quiet and uneventful country life until her conversion. Afterwards she was frequently fined and imprisoned for refusing to pay tithes and to comply with other requirements of the law: she was no longer "marvellously beloved" by the local ministers, and they were not slow to complain of her, and to attempt to stop her friends from visiting her by waylaying them on the road and abusing them. Particularly active against her was the Vicar of St. Austell. But she continued to show hospitality to all comers; Fox and other distinguished Quaker preachers stayed a day or two with her whenever they passed that way; and her house became a recognized meeting-place for the Friends of Cornwall and Devon. In the autumn of 1682 she was compelled to "take to her bed, by reason of old age, great weakness and many infirmities," and she died on December 14.

A chapter deals with the courtship of Loveday's nephew, Thomas Lower, and Mary Fell, by whose marriage the Quaker stronghold in the west was linked with that at Swarthmoor, for Mary was a daughter of Margaret Fell. Margaret Fell appears as a woman of singular charm and integrity of purpose, and there is an interesting picture in one of her daughter's letters to her of Charles II's Court. Many of the contemporary letters and extracts from journals quoted here have not been published before.

THROUGH AUSTRALIA BY CAR

The Long Lead. By M. H. Ellis. Fisher Unwin and Benn. 12s. 6d.

THREE men, a journalist, an explorer, an engineer and "Dinkum," a dog, journeyed in a motor-car across Australia from Sydney to Darwin and back again, and this volume is an account of their adventures. It was a long journey—"a good bit more than three smokes and a canter," as the drover told them—and it was adventurous. Let any motorist who has ever grumbled at the English roads read this account of motoring conditions in the Australian interior; you drive your car with the bonnet open to keep the engine cool; you climb out at times to extricate bundles of packed hay from your brake-rods and for repairs you must be content to make a cross steering-rod out of an old bedstead upright.

The journey was, however, more than an adventure and more than a piece of expert car driving. Mr. Ellis, the journalist, had set before himself the sober aim of estimating the condition and the possibility of the sparsely populated regions of the Northern Interior. "It will be half a century," he writes, "before we can think of the Northern Interior except as a land of large pastoral holdings, but there need be no weeping over its condition. The Eastern coastal region of Australia—I have been over most of it from end to end and from side to side—together with West and South Australia, should support 120,000,000 people, living at not less than European standard." One would like to know from Mr. Ellis how this importation of population is to be induced.

Mr. Ellis deals with some of the most important problems within the Imperial Commonwealth, but he likes dog-fights and the adventures of the Overland as well; the combination, though a little incongruous, makes an entertaining volume.

NEW FICTION

BY T. EARLE WELBY

The Love Child. By Edith Olivier. Secker.

6s.

Respectability. By Bohun Lynch. Cape.

7s. 6d.

Three Lives. By Gertrude Stein. Rodker.

7s. 6d.

MISS OLIVIER, whom I take to be a new writer, has made a hopeful beginning. Indeed, on the strength of this first book, if it really is her first, a brilliant future might be predicted for her if it were not for the consideration that the thing is a *tour de force*, and that it has yet to be discovered what she can do when dealing with lives lived out soberly under the light of the sun and not with a world of fantasy. Here is the matter of her story. Agatha Boddington, no longer young, and subdued to the routine of a life in which nothing happens, is bereaved of her mother. Her father she lost years earlier. There seems to be an utter emptiness in the years that stretch before her, but in her solitude she begins to remember the secret, imagined playmate of her now remote childhood, such a playmate as very many children have invented for themselves. Mused upon, Clarissa, that daughter of imagination, gradually, uncertainly, takes flesh. The situation, should any but Agatha see Clarissa in her intermittent bodily manifestations, would demand more explanation than Agatha can offer. In a state of extreme excitement and anxiety, Agatha goes away from her house, from her bewildered servants, to an hotel at the seaside, where she can have accommodation for her "niece" and herself without arousing curiosity.

There Clarissa develops, and there is a period during which Agatha and she, in their flawless intimacy, know perfect happiness. But the visit must end, and having warned her servants that she is returning with a little niece, she and the love child born of her imagination go back to the old house. But, through imagery for which Miss Olivier may conceivably have had a hint from a wonderful passage in Gérard de Nerval, the frailty of the relations between Agatha and Clarissa is now suggested. Reading out of an antiquated pseudo-scientific book, they learn how attraction holds the stars in their courses; but Clarissa, now lamentably apt to have ideas independently of Agatha's promptings, raises the question whether a star might not pass out of reach of that attraction. Clarissa, certainly, is destined to pass out of the range of Agatha's. Becoming so human, she responds at long last to the love-making of a young neighbour, David, from whom Agatha seeks vainly to keep her. And at the moment when she begins to love a human being other than Agatha, she ceases to be, dissolves into the world of dreams out of which the yearnings of Agatha materialized her. Agatha herself subsides into a fortunate madness, in which she can play games with the invisible Clarissa.

Miss Olivier has imagination and the method required by her material. She is careful to provide a matter-of-fact setting, and makes intelligent use of the stolid servants, the blundering policeman, the uncomprehending neighbours. She is also able to insinuate into her fantasy a sense of the pathos of a life so starved of actualities that it must be nourished on dreams. Agatha is not, as with the average writer of fantastic tales she would have been, merely an agent for the production of Clarissa: she is human, and her exultations and sufferings matter.

Mr. Bohun Lynch's novel is the most solid and ambitious piece of work he has yet given us. It is the story, told with deliberate elaboration, of two generations, the story of Esther who, lacking the character for that gamble, stakes everything on love, and fails, and of her daughter, Esther the second,

who wins happiness in love by her strength of character. Before going on to praise the thought and care Mr. Bohun Lynch has put into the book, there are some questions I am moved to ask of him. Would it not have been possible for so competent a writer to have made it clearer whether difference in character between the first Esther and the second or difference between the world of the 'eighties and the post-war world furnished the major part of the explanation of the difference in issue? Again, would it not have been possible to simplify, or at least to abbreviate, the full account of the family with which the book opens? But these are questions which no reader will be very anxious to press. As to the first, it may have been intended by Mr. Bohun Lynch that we should be left a little doubtful, as often enough we are in face of such problems in actual life; and as to the second, the disproportion that would destroy a long-short story cannot much damage a novel so largely planned and having some of the looseness of life itself.

Both the Esthers are excellently presented, and yet it may be that the capital success in characterization is Lord Orgrave, that fanatic who, to prevent his brother marrying the first Esther, bribes her husband into declining to divorce her. The scene in which Orgrave bargains with the husband is a good example of the sober vigour to which Mr. Bohun Lynch has attained. It has the quiet force of a scene in which the things said and done are allowed to tell without a running commentary by the author. How odd is it, however, that a writer capable of such scenes, and there are at least a dozen in the book deserving of equal or higher praise, should so often indulge in long preliminary exposition of characters instead of being content to allow them to reveal themselves in speech and action!

There is a story, plausible, but not guaranteed by me to be authentic, that a poem by Miss Gertrude Stein was misprinted in an American periodical lately, and that the Editor apologized in the next issue somewhat as follows: "Every word of Miss Stein's poem was accurately printed, but in an order other than she intended." Her verse, so far as I have seen it, could be arranged in virtually any order without affecting the impression it makes on my weak mind. But her prose, in 'Three Lives,' is on the whole orderly enough, and the book may easily disappoint those who go to it for eccentricity. Judged by this book, and I confess I know little of her other work,

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THE ANTI-CARBON PAIR

Miss Stein is a writer labouring earnestly enough, with a weighty, fumbling hand, and with a dull anger of mind, to express certain things at once simple and difficult. When she tells the story of 'The Good Anna,' a German-American servant, I can but reflect on the absolute mastery with which a servant's devotion was depicted in 'Un Cœur Simple,' and I do not find the other two stories, simply as stories, of exceptional excellence. But her slow, indomitably toiling mind, the clumsy urgency of her purpose—these are impressive. Should she succeed, it would be on a great scale, and there are few writers of today of whom as much can be said.

OTHER NOVELS

The Dark Sea. By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

Mrs. de Crespigny has written a number of novels. 'The Dark Sea' hardly falls within the category of fiction, since it contains a hundredweight of propaganda to every ounce of plot. It is frankly written in the interests of spiritualism. Its hero, Christopher Adderley—presumably intended as a reincarnation of Christopher Columbus—decides to exchange a scientific career for a series of inquiries into psychic phenomena. There is a good deal about voices calling in the dark, and all that sort of thing, and whole pages of argument. Of course, Chris meets with a considerable opposition, the bulk of which comes from his uncle, a canon of the Established Church, and Mrs. de Crespigny is careful to insinuate that the Church has always been the enemy of intellectual progress. Since, however, this book appears to have been thrown down as a challenge, it may be suggested that the "dark sea" which appeals so strongly to the writer's imagination has already been embarked upon by many skilled mariners who have found it so infested with pirates, to the detriment of honest, seafaring folk, that they have thought it safer to carry on their business in other and less muddled waters.

The Verger. By Kate Horn. Holden. 7s. 6d.

Ermyntrude Victoria Smith, when first she makes her appearance upon the scene, is a character scarcely calculated to engage our sympathies. Throughout the book, indeed, she remains a somewhat incredible figure, and the author's prefatory statement that "this novel contains no reference to any living person" was, in the circumstances, superfluous. One can forgive Ermyntrude Victoria her petty larcenies—her early training was none of the best—and her irritating precocity, but her callousness to her dying father and her cavalier treatment of her all too faithful lover call for nothing but the severest reprobation. Her adventures at her uncle's house at Tramontana are told with a certain boisterousness which will no doubt appeal to a sufficiently wide circle of readers. Concerning the end of the story it will be enough to say that if Roger Ffolliott was satisfied, it is certainly no business of the reader to complain.

SHORTER NOTICES

Joys of Life. By A Woman of No Importance. Murray. 16s.

"HAVING had many experiences and countless joys, perhaps it may be of interest, in a mild sort of way, for others to read about them." Thus the "Woman of No Importance," excusing the appearance of this, her sixth or seventh—or is it eighth?—book of reminiscences. She is perfectly frank about it, as she is about everything. "Mild" is the very word. She never tries to "grip" you, or "thrill" you, or "make you sit up"; never attempts a witticism or a sermon; seldom makes you laugh very loudly and never makes you cry; but just goes gently on from subject to subject, staying only a moment with each of

them—talking, in fact. You would swear that she dictated it all from a comfortable armchair. She does not even re-read her own books, for one of her characteristic stories in this present volume opens with the innocent remark that she *thinks* she has told it before! Probably she has; we do not remember; in her case it does not seem to matter. But how, with such methods, she manages to avoid mere dullness is one of the mysteries of current literature. For the only aspect of her books which cannot properly be described as "mild" is their success. There must be an economic value in mildness, in this hectic age, which has not yet been fully realized. It is all very pleasant and gentle and sensible, and mysteriously difficult to stop reading. The public will undoubtedly ask for more.

This Believing World. By Lewis Browne. Benn. 7s. 6d.

OMNISCIENCE is no doubt a useful asset to the writer who should essay the task of supplying the world with "a simple account of the great religions of mankind." Other authorities on this intricate subject have confessed to a certain hesitation, and few have laid claim to any finality of investigation. It is perhaps to Mr. Browne's credit that he is entirely unencumbered with shyness. He is that by no means isolated phenomenon—an agnostic without doubts. The tentative theories of some of his predecessors become in his hands irrefutable dogmas. Religion is the child of fear. In the early ages of mankind men made to themselves idols, probably with the intention of driving evil spirits away. After a time "whole carcasses were offered to the good spirit lodging in the idol. And thus sacrifice began." At a later period, "a shelter was considered necessary for the idol; a cleft in a rock or a shady tree at first, and later a rude hut. And thus the first church was built." Having thus explained to his own satisfaction the origins of faith, Mr. Browne proceeds to pass in rapid survey the leading religions of the world. His account of the development of the Christian Church is wantonly offensive. That pagan elements were at an early period incorporated into the Christian worship and ritual is a fact now universally admitted. Mr. Browne has his own delightful way of conveying this fact. The character and nature of Jesus, he writes, "fell into the maw of an alien philosophy, and then came drooling out in sodden and swollen distortion." The book is hardly one that calls for serious criticism, and the author's style is almost—but not quite—as stupefying as are his "copious illustrations."

A Cricket Eleven. Short Stories. Gerald Howe. 5s. net.

IN cricket truth has set a killing pace to fiction. Those who make stories out of the game go in danger of defeat by the mere recorder, and where the recorder is also an artist the novelist's plight is desperate. To the collection of stories and cuttings from novels which Mr. Howe has issued Mr. Arthur Waugh has contributed an introduction which is almost fatal to much that follows. For he tells us of great matches and moments in his own ripe experience of cricket. Who, after reading about the Lancashire and Surrey tie in 1894, will be profoundly moved by the fictitious schoolboys of Messrs. Vachell and Baines Reed? Mr. Stacy Aumonier, however, will move them; but one imagines that Mr. Aumonier's sketch is transcription from the life rather than pure figment. "All-Muggleton" inevitably appears, but it is Mr. Jingle and the anchovy sandwiches who matter most in that affair. Dumkins and Podder are not larger than life as Dickensians ought to be. Cricket could not overcome the creator of Pickwick, but it could keep down his rate of scoring. So, too, with Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. He need not expend his invention upon the game, whose actual adventures so far out-run the pleasures of fancy's flight.

Portrait Painting: Its Nature and Function. By Herbert Furst. The Bodley Head. 31s. 6d.

MR. FURST has undertaken a most important work. It is remarkable how so large a section of art as portraiture has been neglected by the critics, and his investigation is therefore the more to be recommended. Unfortunately his book does not quite fill the gap. It is too short. Had he contented himself with writing a critical essay it would have been too long, perhaps; but he has also attempted an historical sketch and the detailed study of certain, indeed most, aspects of portraiture. The history of portraiture alone, with tables of dates and so forth, would have been most valuable, or an aesthetic study would have been most readable. The attempt to combine the two has resulted in sketchiness and thinness. Moreover, Mr. Furst has curiously untrustworthy taste; he confuses fashionable portraitists like Sargent, and even less genuine artists, with the real masters; and he does not organize or express his ideas very succinctly. Even after a careful reading, we do not feel absolutely sure of what Mr. Furst's doctrine is, but retain an impression, rather, that it is a compromise which renders judgment all too catholic. In a short book of this sort (it contains under 150 folio pages) only the undoubted masters, the Holbeins, Raphaels, Rubens, Titians, and so on, should have been used to support argument. To use McEvoy is to prop up a building on too weak a foundation.

Mr. Furst is guilty of some inaccuracies. Margaret of Parma was not the Infanta Isabella Eugenia, as stated on page 74, nor was the Infanta Regent of the Netherlands; she was sovereign. Don Ferdinand was not her husband, as stated on page 121, he was her successor; her husband was the Archduke Albert. On what authority does Mr. Furst ascribe the picture

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of Henry VIII reproduced on Plate xxxii to Holbein? We know that it is popularly given to him, but neither Chamberlain nor Gantz allow this. A writer of authority should at least register doubt. Mr. Furst is a critic for whom we have much respect, and we can only feel that the present work is undigested. A lifetime of labour and thought would be necessary to grapple with the vast subject which Mr. Furst has set himself.

The Convict of To-day. By Sydney A. Moseley. Palmer. 6s.

MR. MOSELEY is an accomplished journalist, and it is as such rather than with any specialist qualifications that he deals with the vexed question of the treatment of the criminal in English prisons to-day. He was granted special facilities for his visits to Broadmoor, Dartmoor, Camp Hill, Parkhurst, Wormwood Scrubs, Wandsworth, Brixton, Holloway, Pentonville and Maidstone (in the course of which he encountered almost every type of prisoner from the "first offender" to the oldest of "old lags" and the criminal lunatic "detained during His Majesty's pleasure"); otherwise he went as might any other member of the public. He has no revelations to make, and will in fact, add little to the knowledge of those who have made even a superficial investigation of the subject, yet his survey is both wide and fair. That he raises problems rather than solves them is not surprising; he attempts no panacea, his purpose—successfully carried out—being "merely to give some idea of the conditions under which our modern prisons are run." But he makes it evident that solutions are, however slowly, being worked out in practice. Things do improve: "even at Dartmoor, the standard of criminal has been raised. The very worst of them to-day is better than the best of them a generation ago."

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 The matter has never been reissued.

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 vated, are offering prizes of £250 and £150 for the
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 be, what the term conveys; the winning books will
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 something comparable with *Trent's Last Case*.

It is good news that the doomed *Adelphi* is not to
 die. Its future has been secured for some years to
 come, and it will, after the June issue, appear as a
 quarterly in an enlarged form.

The remarkable illuminations, preserved at Chan-
 tilly and known as Fouquet's *Book of Hours*, are to
 be reproduced in *The Life of Christ and His Mother*,
 edited by Miss Florence Heywood, which Messrs.
 Methuen are publishing at once. The book will also
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Other announcements by Messrs. Methuen include
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same subject in the Launa sale, 1909, was mk. 1,400. A mezzotint by Prince Rupert, the so-called 'David,' after Giorgione, was bought by his kinsman, the "Crown Prince" Rupprecht of Bavaria.

In the second sale, consisting of prints from the collection of a nobleman not named—they were recently discovered, rumour said, in a castle in Carinthia—an extraordinary "run" of ornament prints by Schongauer, two of the same class by the master E. S., and two astonishing woodcuts by Cranach were the principal attractions. From the Schongauers, Dr. Max Friedländer was able to obtain (for mk. 8,500, the highest price) the only print of this master that was lacking in the matchless collection of Schongauer, acquired by the skill of his predecessor, Friedrich Lippmann, for the Berlin Museum. The two ornaments by E. S.—superb impressions, of which one is otherwise known only at Munich, the other only at Munich and in the British Museum, both specimens being much inferior to those recently sold—fell to Colnaghi at the very high price of mk. 16,000 apiece. The two Cranachs, most eagerly coveted by all museums, went to New York (for the Metropolitan Museum), at mk. 20,000 and 27,000 respectively, enormously beyond any price hitherto paid for a German woodcut. They are a very remarkable pair of large woodcuts, dating from the year 1502, when Cranach was in Austria and had not yet settled at Wittenberg. Of the 'Crucifixion,' one impression was already known, at Berlin, but the companion print, 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' was an entirely new discovery and is believed to be unique. A rare and beautiful woodcut by Baldung, 'Lucretia,' was also bought by the Metropolitan Museum, against Berlin, for mk. 2,900.

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The third sale, consisting of 1,317 lots, which contained a vastly greater number of prints, was unprecedented in that it was devoted exclusively to woodcuts, the interest in which is rapidly increasing. The sale took its name from the collection of the late Dr. Josef Wunsch, a little-known Viennese specialist in woodcuts, who died in 1916; but it was an open secret that the wonderful rarities and fine specimens of Cranach and other sixteenth-century masters with which the collection was copiously "salted" came from the collection formed about the middle of the nineteenth century by King Frederick Augustus II of Saxony, and still the property of the House of Wettin, though accessible to the public and generally regarded, at least before the war, as the second public print-room of Dresden, ranking after the famous collection in the Zwinger. Many prints from this collection have already been sold—it is rumoured that the drawings are to share the same fate—and it must now be shorn to a large extent of its chief attraction for students. There could be no pretence on this occasion that only duplicates were being disposed of, many of the woodcuts being notoriously unique, some of which the Dresden print-room itself was making efforts, generally in vain, to acquire. There is no space here to describe the astonishing number of fine and rare woodcuts, mingled with much that was second-rate, contained in the third sale. There was very keen competition for them on the part of museums, American and other dealers, and private collectors from Holland and elsewhere. Though at present I can give no details, I may be permitted to say that a large number of new acquisitions from this source, German, Italian, Dutch and even English, will soon enrich the great collection of woodcuts in the British Museum.

*
* *

To attend such a sale in the character of a would-be buyer, doomed to many disappointments; to breathe for five days the heated atmosphere of rumour and anticipation; to speculate on the chances of this or that museum, on either side of the Atlantic, acquiring this or that rarity; to hear how much money the Munich print-room had begged from the rich brewers and to wonder whether it would all be spent before the last afternoon, and whether there was still any chance of making acquisitions under S or T or W; to have, just once or twice, the pleasure of finding that one knew a little more about some lot than the almost omniscient Mr. Boerner; all this was a somewhat thrilling experience, rich in its alternations of pleasure and pain.

CAMPBELL DODGSON

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned

in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 271

(First of the Twentieth Quarter)

ATLANTIC ISLE, AND PORT, BY WINTRY COLD UNVEY.

1. Pope's 'graceless zealots,' sir, may take it for their text!
2. The exile's cry, his native shore who leaves,
3. By this we rid ourselves of alien thieves.
4. Symbolical—not difficult to guess it.
5. A triune adverb—may I so express it?
6. What now you need in Rome's Pantheon view.
7. If not of lands, lord of the waters blue.

Solution of Acrostic No. 269

R	eh	Oboth ¹	"Out of that land went forth Asshur,
E	so	X ²	and builded Nineveh, and the city
G	old	Finch ³	Rehoboth, and Calah."—Gen. x. 11.
E	con	Omist ²	The Pike, a fish named from its long
N	aho	R ⁴	shape. It abounds in most of the lakes of
T	ire	D	Europe.
S	alubriou	S	³ Not Greenfinch; he is too soberly attired.
T	hrif	T	⁴ Gen. xi. 27 and Luke i. 73.
R	afte	R	⁵ Ebullience: "a boiling over."
E	quitabl	E	
E	bullienc	E ⁵	
T	arge	T	

ACROSTIC No. 269.—The winner is Bullen (name and address, please!), who has selected as his prize 'A Florentine Diary, 1450 to 1516,' by Luca Landucci, published by Dent, and reviewed in our columns on May 14 under the title 'A Diary of Old Florence.' Seven other competitors chose this book, twenty-five named 'Practically True,' twelve 'The Jury,' etc., etc.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ceyx, Chailey, Iago, Lilian, Margaret, Oakapple, Miss Daphne Touche, Twyford, C. J. Warden, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Armadale, Baldersby, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, C. H. Burton, J. Chambers, Coque, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Dolmar, East Sheen, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Jeff, Jerboa, Miss Kelly, Madge, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, Met, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Tyro, Yendu, Yewden. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 268.—TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Stucco.

CEYX.—If Weevils can be said to walk, rather than to creep or run, what about the still smaller Mites? Do not they also walk?

MRS. J. BUTLER.—The belated acknowledgment appeared last week.



FOREIGN MONEY

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MOTORING HELPFUL HINTS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

A CAMPAIGN has been launched by the manufacturers of motor tyres in this country to make car owners realize the importance of maintaining proper tyre pressure. "Test your tyres every Friday" is the slogan adopted as a battle-cry, and probably in these days of the week-end holiday no better day could have been named. The novelty of this campaign is that not only is the relationship of long tyre life to correct inflation pressure emphasized, but the effect of accurate tyre inflation upon the comfort and general welfare of both cars and passengers is brought out.

* *

The modern tyre, in its wearing qualities, is a great improvement on its predecessors, but since the introduction of the low- and medium-pressure tyre no liberties can be taken with the inflation pressures. Apart, however, from the tyres themselves, the maintenance of correct pressures for all four wheels has an important bearing on the handling of the car as regards steering and braking. Tyres that are inflated at too high a pressure produce discomfort for passengers, because the smaller road shocks are not properly absorbed. Unequal inflation adversely affects the steering, and causes the car to swerve when the brakes are applied. Since the balloon or low-pressure tyre has thinner walls than the old form of high-pressure covers, it is more necessary to keep the inflation at the correct pressure in order to prevent the tyres from being worn out before they have given full service; and it should be realized that the margin between the correct and the under-inflated pressure is very small.

* *

It is, of course, impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule as to the exact pressure to which each pair of front and each pair of back tyres should be inflated; each car has its own peculiarities, and naturally the loads carried differ considerably. Owners should ascertain by actual experiment what pressure is best suited to the tyres for different loads, after having weighed the car with its usual complement. From his knowledge of the weight of the car with a normal load, the owner has, in the tyre makers' schedule of suggested pressures for different weights, a base to work upon. Usually there is a difference of about 5 lbs. pressure in the correct inflation of the front and rear pair of tyres, the latter requiring that amount of increased inflation. Some cars, however, run more comfortably with a slightly higher inflation of the steering wheels than of those in the rear. Hence the advice given to each owner to experiment on his own behalf to discover the best inflation. In any case, for the sake of economy and comfort, it is necessary to test the tyres at least once a week to see that they are correctly inflated, having first discovered the pressure that best suits the individual car.

* *

With Whitsun holidays near, opportunity may arise for longer journeys by car, so that it is wise to give the mechanism some attention also. It is a simple matter to take out each of the sparking plugs, clean away any soot that has accumulated, and test the gap between the sparking plugs. Until a plug misses fire, few owners take the trouble to effect this necessary service to the engine, but they will find that it greatly improves its running.



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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday.

A WEEK or two ago and the City was unanimous in its opinion that the bank rate would not remain long at 4½%, but would suffer a further reduction. To-day, opinion has so changed that one can almost hear the pessimist thinking that the next change will be upwards. The cause for this *volte-face* is the loss by the Bank of England of £2,000,000 of gold last week. Personally, I incline to the opinion that the ordinary investor can ignore these monetary considerations. Obviously the Treasury require money to be cheap, so that their borrowings can be on as economical a scale as possible, and their next Conversion scheme attractive to the investor at a rate less onerous to the borrower than the existing securities, and therefore every effort will be made for the creation of a position that will allow for a 4% bank rate within the next few months.

NIGERIAN TIN-FIELDS

In the past reference has frequently been made in these notes to the Nigerian tin-fields, and, in particular, the shares of the Northern Nigeria Bauchi tin-mines, and Associated tin-mines have in their turn been recommended. This week we have official notification to the effect that the Anglo-Oriental Investment Trust, the parent of the Associated tin-mines, has acquired control of the Bauchi Company. This step should prove beneficial, not merely for the companies immediately concerned, but for the field as a whole. The Anglo-Oriental have already proved themselves a power in Nigeria, and they have infused fresh life into the field by lavishly supplying working capital with which to open up the various areas they have acquired. The acquisition of the control of the Bauchi Company, by greatly enhancing the reputation of the Oriental Trust, will strengthen their position as the undoubted power in this mining field. Incidentally, holders of both Associated and Bauchi shares should retain their holdings: it seems probable that the price of both will reach higher levels.

SOME FEATURES

Despite the general lack of interest in the stock markets, there has been certain features of outstanding notice. The Cunard Steamship Company ordinary shares, to which I drew attention some two months ago, have risen from the price of 21s. 6d., then ruling, to 27s. 6d. International Chemical Industries have also proved encouraging to those who have purchased the various classes of share. In the foreign market Rumanian Consols are apparently at last being appreciated as a foreign investment with decided possibilities. Despite profits all these should be retained.

LONDON THEATRE OF VARIETIES

This is a concern which made a sensational recovery following the close of war, paying off out of profits of 1918-1919 five-and-a-half years of preference dividend arrears; the ordinary shares have since received dividends of from 5 to 10% per annum. The company recently sold 17 theatres at a good figure to well-known music-hall interests, but has retained control of a number of other theatres. In suggesting that there is still room for improvement on the present price of about 34s., one must not overlook the fact that the lowest and highest of 1926 was 17s. 6d. and 25s. Nevertheless, the opinion seems to be that assets are worth considerably more than the current price of the shares. The company must by now have a very substantial margin of surplus profits, and shareholders eventually should find themselves very well treated.

WARING AND GILLOW

One of the oldest established furnishing firms of London is Waring and Gillow. Like most undertakings directly dependent on the public purchasing power, they had a bad time in 1921 and 1922, with a net loss of £93,100 in the latter year. Recovery has, however, been strongly marked, the highest year since the depression being that to January 31, 1926, which showed net profits at £153,600. No dividends on the ordinary shares were paid from 1920 to 1924; but in 1925 10% was distributed, plus a capitalized bonus of 100%, 500,000 new ordinary shares being offered to shareholders at 10s. each. For 1926 10% was also paid. The report and balance-sheet is due shortly. Owing to conservative finance in the past and to the reorganization which took place in 1925, the financial position is now strong. The price of the ordinary shares is 12s. 9d., while the 6% cumulative preference shares at 16s. give a yield of around 7½%.

POPULAR HOTEL SHARE

The ordinary shares of Hotel York have been steadily creeping up from about 45s. at the end of last year to a present figure of 54s. This hotel is very popular with Colonials, to whom its two leasehold properties, i.e., Hotel York and Berners Hotel, are well known. The 1921 profit was under £6,000, and the Wembley year produced the record figure of £54,000. The profit to October 31 last at £44,000 was naturally lower than that of the record year, still it presents a very fair return on a capital of £270,000. It is realized that the whole of a promising season will be included in the current financial year, and something better than the 20% paid last year is expected, though a maintaining of that rate would show a yield of over 7%. The ordinary shares certainly appear interesting in view of possibilities.

RHODESIAN AND GENERAL ASBESTOS

This Company has over 2,000 claims in the Belingwe and Victoria districts of Rhodesia, and produces as high a quality of asbestos, for which there is an active demand. Profits have notably advanced over the last three years: i.e., £74,840, £123,530 and £223,240. For 1925-1926 an increase in the carry forward was made from £28,100 to £80,000. For 1923/24 15% was paid, with 20% for each of the last two years. The issued capital is now £1,000,000, having been increased from £630,000 in February, 1926, shareholders being given a bonus share issue of one in three. Assets on revaluation for the 1926 bonus issue, stand at £1,323,560. The company's properties are of great actual and potential value, and it is reasonable to assume that it works in agreement with the big Canadian producers in the co-ordination of supply and demand in regard to asbestos, which should help to maintain a profitable level of prices. Formerly the company had to use ox-transport for over sixty miles in order to get supplies to railhead, which is, however, now altered for the better, as the railway runs close to one of the principal properties.

ORIENTAL TELEPHONES

My attention has been drawn to the £1 Ordinary shares of the Oriental Telephone and Electrical Company, Ltd. At the present level these shares do not show a very high yield, the dividend for the last two years being 12% free of tax. At the same time certain negotiations are said to be maturing which, if they are realized will lead to a change of control in the Company, which will only be effected by shareholders receiving a bid very much higher than the present price. I recommend these shares as a sound lock-up investment with distinct possibilities.

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HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

The Sailing of the "Mayflower"

THE "Mayflower" was the ship that took the Puritan Fathers, one hundred and two in number, to America. They left England because they were denied freedom in religious matters. After a short stay in Holland they sailed for America, where they founded a colony at New Plymouth in 1621.

It is not to be thought they would have ventured on a perilous voyage to unexplored lands for their own sakes alone; they were thinking, too, of their children, whom they hoped to see grow up in a land that was free.

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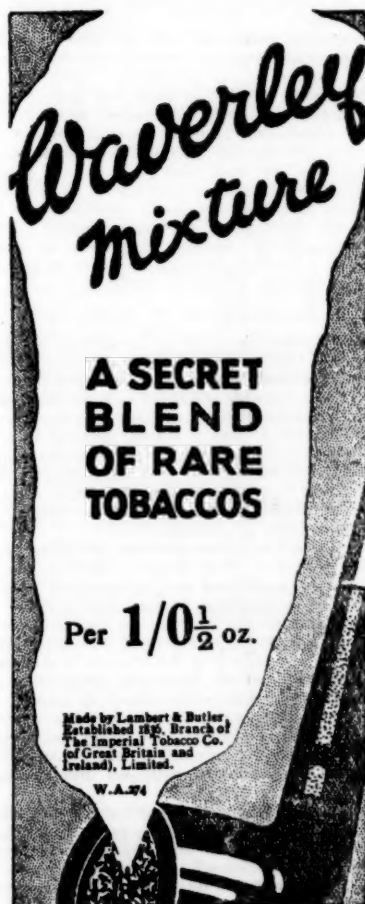
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Company Meeting

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS

EMINENTLY SATISFACTORY RESULTS FOR
ABNORMAL YEAR

DIVIDEND INCREASED

The THIRD ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Allied Newspapers, Ltd., was held on May 24 at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C. Sir William E. Berry, Bt. (Chairman of the company), presided.

The Chairman said: My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—With your permission I propose to take the usual course on these occasions and treat the report and balance-sheet as read.

THE YEAR'S PROFITS

The report before you shows that our profits are down as compared with 1925 by £77,570. It would have been a very extraordinary thing indeed, in the circumstances, if the figures had not reflected the labour troubles, and I would like to say very definitely, speaking for myself and the whole of my colleagues, that we consider the results achieved for 1926 eminently satisfactory. (Applause.)

One other factor has contributed to the lower profits, and that is the betting tax, which formed part of the 1926 Budget. This tax had the effect of seriously dislocating the operations of the racing industry, and the early sporting editions of every evening paper in the country have suffered. We have shared in the common lot. The uncertainty which still exists in the racing world is causing us loss of revenue this year, but this, of course, compared with the national industrial trouble last year, is a comparatively unimportant matter.

THE BALANCE-SHEET

Proceeding now to the consideration of the figures in the balance-sheet, you will see that we have commenced the redemption of our Debentures in accordance with the terms of the trust deed, and the amount outstanding is reduced to £967,750. The item following—that of sundry creditors—including provision for taxation, is £683,285, or £97,208 more than last year. This increase is largely explained by the fact that the reserve for taxation is more than it was last year.

The first item on the assets side is roughly £40,000 more than last year, due chiefly to our new buildings at Manchester, to which I shall make further reference later. Stock in trade is up by some £43,000 and cash by roughly £14,000. The item of investments has increased from £3,007 to £159,735. We retain under this heading the cost of our 1,000,000 £1 shares in Allied Northern Newspapers—namely, £3,007—and the balance is made up of marketable investments and a small amount of trade investments.

You will doubtless remember that last year there appeared in the balance-sheet the item of preliminary expenses, including stamp duties, amounting to £526,647. With the aid of the allocation to reserve which we made last year, that item has disappeared altogether, leaving still a credit to the general reserve of £120,000. (Applause.) Subject to your approval to-day, we propose to place the sum of £130,000 to that account from the year's trading, and we shall then have a total general reserve of £250,000. It is perhaps worth while to draw your attention to the fact that, including this year's allocation, we have placed to reserve in our three years' trading a total of £776,647—(applause)—which, with the amount we propose to carry forward to-day—namely, £116,106—is equal to nearly 45 per cent. of our Ordinary share capital. (Renewed applause.)

ALLOCATION OF PROFITS

Adding to the profits for the year the sum of £102,352 carried forward from last year, and deducting the interest on Debentures, the Preference dividend, and the interim Ordinary dividend of 5 per cent., there remains £358,106. Your directors propose, after making the allocation to reserve, to pay a final dividend of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, making 12 per cent. for the year. There will then remain to be carried forward £116,106, as against the £102,352 brought in. Warrants for the Ordinary share dividend will be posted on May 31, and to meet the wishes of a number of shareholders, the warrants will, in future, be payable in Manchester or London.

As I have intimated to you on previous occasions, your directors are convinced that it is their duty in the best interests of the company to pursue a cautious and conservative financial policy. (Hear, hear.) To some people it may appear to be contrary to that policy to increase the dividend on the Ordinary shares in respect of a year when the profits show a decline. We have felt justified, however, in regarding the drop in profits as being due to abnormal causes, and we have also taken into account the very large sums which have been placed to reserve in previous years. You may be interested to note that after deducting Debenture and Preference interest, the profits for the year amount to £335,753—equal to 21 per cent. (before deducting tax) on the Ordinary capital, as compared with our distribution of 12 per cent. less tax.

I now beg to move: "That the report of the directors and statement of accounts for the year 1926 be received and adopted, and that the dividends, reserves, and appropriations recommended therein be approved."

I will ask my brother, Mr. Gomer Berry, to second the resolution, which was then carried unanimously.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The List will be closed on or before Wednesday, 1st June, 1927.



ISSUE OF £2,000,000

BRADFORD CORPORATION

5 PER CENT. REDEEMABLE STOCK, 1943-1957

PRICE OF ISSUE £100 10s. per cent.

CORPORATION AND GENERAL SECURITIES, LIMITED, are authorized on behalf of the City of Bradford to invite applications for the above Stock.

Interest payable 1st January and 1st July.

A first payment of £2 3s. per £100 Stock, being interest on instalments calculated at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, will be made on 1st January, 1928.

Trustees are authorized by the Trustee Act, 1925, to invest funds in this Stock unless expressly forbidden by the instrument (if any) creating the Trust.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED is instructed to offer for subscription the above amount of Stock, issued in pursuance of a Resolution of the Council of the Corporation of Bradford, under the powers conferred by their local Acts of Parliament.

The Stock now offered will be inscribed in the books kept by Westminster Bank Limited, and will be transferable in any amount at that Bank without charge and free of Stamp Duty.

Payment will be required as follows, viz.:

On Application	£5	per cent.
On 8th June, 1927	£15 10s.	" "
On 6th July, 1927	£25	" "
On 10th August, 1927	£25	" "
On 7th September, 1927	£30	" "
	£100 10s.	" "

The Rateable Value of the City of Bradford is £2,540,936, and a rate of one penny in the pound produces £29,710; the amount which may be levied by rates is unlimited. The estimated population of Bradford is 280,000.

The total rates of the city for 1927/8 are 14s. 4d. in the £1. The total outstanding debt is £16,863,180, of which £8,507,648 is in respect of reproductive undertakings, including Waterworks, Electricity Works, Gasworks, Tramways and Markets. The gross (or trading) profit upon the trading undertakings of the Corporation for the year ended March 31, 1926, was £718,085, which represents an average of 5.89 per cent. upon the Capital Expenditure, and after providing for Interest and Sinking Fund Charges, left a net surplus of £76,900.

Copies of the full Prospectus (upon the terms of which alone application will be received) and the Forms of Application may be obtained at:—Westminster Bank Limited, 41 Lothbury, E.C.2; 21 Lombard Street, E.C.4; 4 Bartholomew Lane, E.C.2, or any of their Branches; National Provincial Bank Limited, 15 Bishopsgate, E.C.2; Market Street, Bradford, or any of their Branches; Lloyds Bank Limited, 39 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2, or any of their Branches; Equitable Bank Limited, Halifax, Bradford, or any of their Branches; Messrs. Foster & Braithwaite, 27 Austin Friars, E.C.2; Messrs. Cohen, Laming, Hoare, 14 Austin Friars, E.C.2; Messrs. Harold H. Pulman & Co., Swan Arcade, Bradford; Corporation & General Securities Limited, Pinner's Hall, Austin Friars, E.C.2; or the City Treasurer, Town Hall, Bradford.

28th May, 1927.

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I/We hereby apply for £.....

say of the BRADFORD CORPORATION 5 PER CENT. REDEEMABLE STOCK, 1943-1957, according to the full Prospectus of May 28, 1927, and undertake to pay £100 10/- for every like amount of Stock, and to accept the same or any less amount that may be allotted to me/us, and to pay for the same in conformity with the terms of the said Prospectus.

I/We enclose the required deposit of £..... being 25 per cent. on the nominal amount applied for.

SIGNATURE

NAME (in full) (Block Letters) (State if Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

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Please write distinctly

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